

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

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MY RESPONSIBILITY.

(See page 2.)

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know—God answers prayer,
I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought,
I leave my prayers with Him alone,
Whose will is wiser than my own.

—Anon.

The World Embracing Love.

"So tender that it reaches
To the lowest child of man."

The officer was giving out a song, and as he came to the above lines he paused to give expression to the thought that came to his mind.

"Yes, God wants to find us all out. No matter how humble or obscure we may be, He is seeking for us, and is endeavoring to bring us up to the full stretch of our capabilities. The little flower in the valley, hid amongst the trees and bushes, is sought out by the sun's rays, and the warmth and light cause it to grow, and by-and-bye become a beautiful blossom that sheds a sweet fragrance all around.

In like manner the warmth of God's love and the light of faith falling on souls that are yet in their infancy, cause them to grow strong by continually receiving the good things that flow in from heaven, they become more and more partakers of the divine nature, and thus show forth the beauty of a Christlike character.

Thank God it reaches to the lowest of us and it is His will that we should all receive from Him those graces and gifts that will enable us to conquer sin.

"Let me, Jesus,
Fuller know redemption's plan."

A Testimony from a Prison Cell.

One night, crazed with drink, I committed a crime for which I was sentenced to twenty-two months' imprisonment. As I lay in my cell my terrible condition dawned upon me in all its stern reality. The worry and grief of it distressed me so keenly that I thought I should die under the load. Sometimes, indeed, I almost longed to do so, and even contemplated taking my own life; but I got out of my troubles. But I was merciful, restrained by the thought of the torments of hell. My so-called friends could not help me, nor indeed did they make any attempt to do so. At last, in grim despair, I resolved to bear my punishment as best I could, but when I got out again I would go all lengths in wickedness.

One Sunday morning the Salvation Army conducted a meeting in the men's ward. I could hear them from the cell where I was lying sick in bed, and as I listened my soul was moved. Tears fell unbidden. A girl, who was in my cell at the time, tried to cheer me.

"You will soon be out again," she said, "and then you will have such a good time that you will forget you were ever in jail."

She meant well enough, but her words did not ease my heart. When the meeting concluded the Captain's wife, accompanied by one of the soldiers, came to visit us. She enquired about our souls, and talked to us of salvation and Christ's power to deliver from sin. We did not hide from her that we were both unsaved, and after praying for us both she gave us a copy of the War Cry, and left, read it through, and we began to talk of the blessing—conversion—which neither of had received.

From that very Sunday morning I began to pray and seek for it. The other girl did not try, and she is yet unsaved. But in spite of my prayers and longings I got no answer. The fact was, my mind was not fully made up nor fixed on Jesus. But His Spirit did not

leave me, and at length, with my whole heart, I asked Him to forgive my sins, and as best I knew not, I cast myself, present, past, and future, all on God.

Oh, the change! He is such a dear, kind, loving Friend to me, and now I am so happy.

Mrs. Capt. Baynton visited me often after that. She gave me a nice Bible, and brought me books about God and His servants, and her prayers and songs of the wonderful love of Christ helped me ever so much. When she first came she said, "I will be a friend to you, and help you all I can," and indeed she has been like a mother to me.

I cannot regret coming here now, for this is where the Lord met me and I learned to know and love Him. I am going to be His soldier in the Army. God bless the Salvation Army all the world over. My worldly friends do not yet understand me, but some day I believe God will reach their hearts too. I pray for their salvation. I think if I had not found Jesus I would have ended in an insane asylum. Thank God now He is my Shepherd. I shall not want.

The Age Test.

At a salvation meeting, composed of some 800 persons, mostly adults, an evangelist put the following test:

"Will all who were converted before they were twenty years old, please stand up."

Half the audience rose to their feet.

"Thank you. When you have taken your seats will those who were converted between the ages of twenty and thirty rise?"

Thirty-two persons responded to this invitation.

Again he called for those converted between thirty and forty years of age to stand.

Twenty-six were counted.

"Now, those who were converted between the ages of forty and fifty, will you stand?"

Only six persons testified to this.

"Will those converted after the age of sixty rise?" asked the evangelist, for the last time.

Not a single response was made.

So it is a fact that the chances of salvation in old and mature age are ever weakening and diminishing. The world, the flesh, and the devil get a firmer grip on the man and woman, as the years go by, and the heart is less and less inclined to respond, less and less liable to yield to the tender gracious influences of the Holy Spirit.

What an earnest call this constitutes to redouble zeal for the salvation of the young, when we remember that after thirty years of age, there may be but thirty-two chances out of four hundred for the soul to turn to God.

Continental Appointments.

Several prominent officers have recently changed past fields of usefulness for new positions of trust and opportunity.

Brigadier Fritz Malan, formerly Provincial Officer in Italy, has become Field Secretary for France and Belgium, at the Paris Headquarters.

Switzerland has given up her late Trade Secretary, Brigadier Delapraz, to be Territorial Secretary for France and Belgium.

Brigadier Paul Chatelain has gone from France to the oversight of junior work in the Swiss Territory—appointment officially known as "Secretary for Junior Work."

Holland has surrendered her late Financial Secretary to the similar relative position in Switzerland, with the addition of Property affairs. This officer, be it known, is a woman, Brigadier Barbara Luppens, whose career as a financier has been eminently successful.

A syllabus on the relation of alcohol to public health is being drawn up by medical experts in England, with the object of including it in the instruction given in elementary schools. To forewarn children of the uselessness and danger of alcohol will forearm them for one great part of the battle of life.

My Responsibility.

(See frontispiece.)

A story is told of a brave girl who saved a train from being wrecked, and scores of lives from being lost by her courageous conduct in emergency.

It was on the evening of the 6th of July, 1881, when, just after dark, the severest storm of wind and rain ever known in that part of the country took place. In an hour's time Des Moines river had risen six feet, and the creeks running into it were overflowing their banks. Looking through her window she saw the headlight of a locomotive. In a moment it disappeared. She did not hear the crash which its fall must have occasioned, on account of the terrible noise of the storm; but she knew at once that the bridge had broken, and that the locomotive, with the train attached to it, had plunged into the chasm below. Then she thought how surely the people in that wrecked train would perish unless help reached them speedily. She knew also that an express train would soon be due there, and unless warned in time of the broken bridge, it would plunge into the deep chasm and be dashed to pieces. Her father was away from home, and there was no one to help her. If anything was to be done she must do it herself. Out she started in the storm to go to the nearest railway station, about a mile distant. In making this perilous journey, it was necessary for her to cross the trestle bridge over the river, which was about five hundred feet long. Just as she tremblingly stepped on this bridge the storm was beating against her so furiously that she nearly lost her balance. Dropping down on her hands and knees she crawled from tie to tie across that bridge, and on reaching the other side, ran the short distance that remained, and soon reached the station. There she told the story of the broken bridge, and asked that help might be sent to people on the wrecked train, and warning given to the approaching express. Then she fainted and fell insensible on the station floor.

The passengers were saved from being hurled to destruction because that girl realized her responsibility. She was the only one who knew of the broken bridge, and timid and young as she was, her's was the task to give the warning.

A similar responsibility rests upon all who have received the dreadful knowledge that the unconverted masses are fast hastening to destruction. They must be warned, they must be helped from the awful doom that lies ahead of them. Do not shirk your responsibility, or the blood of the souls you might have saved will be found upon your skirts.—S. A. C.

A Danish Doctor Sells His Practice to Become a Missionary in India.

In all ages men and women, with hearts filled with the love of Calvary, have been found willing and eager to leave all and follow Christ. That this spirit of devotion and self-denial still animates the hearts of men is well known to those who come into contact with the Salvation Army.

Another striking illustration of this spirit is afforded by the arrival in England of Dr. Wille, who has given up a flourishing medical practice in Denmark in order to enter the International Training Homes, and later on proceed as an Army Medical Missionary to India.

The doctor, who has been a Salvationist in Denmark for some time, was in the habit of visiting his patients in full uniform.

At the call of God he and his wife have given up their practice and sold their home, with a view to devoting their lives to the suffering people of India.

The doctor's wife also possesses valuable medical qualifications, and is in hearty sympathy with the step just taken by her husband.

From Monte Carlo to the Salvation Army.

William Ogilvie, for so we will call him, had ancestors who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country, both in the tented field and on the judicial bench. Amongst his kinsmen were also those who had staked and lost on the gaming table, and had taken their lives with their own hands.

William himself possessed a University education, a comfortable fortune—and an inherent love for games of chance.

His friends desired that he should read law or take holy orders. He desired neither, and left his country in the company of those who were much above him in position and money—but only his equals in illness and vice.

He frequented the gay places of Europe and indulged his fancy for gambling and got hard bitten by fortune.

Then, with others as reckless, and as fast in the fetters of the gambling devil as himself, he drifted to the Riviera.

At the Riviera.

This charming country, lapped by the blue waves of the Mediterranean and backed by the glorious Alps—the land of sunshine, palms, and aloes, and beautiful flowers—should be the home of peace and tranquillity; but, instead it is notorious on account of its gaming tables and the numerous suicides of ruined gamblers.

May we give a few particulars of this place, where the most poignant excesses in joy and anguish—more frequently the latter—are experienced.

Monaco is a small principality—only eight square miles in extent—which for more than 900 years has belonged to the family of Grimaldi. It is a rocky promontory situated on the Mediterranean, and on it is built the famous Casino, which costs a million of money a year, employs nearly 2,000 persons, and

The Gambler Cemetery—Monte Carlo.

A Glad Maw.

In this palatial gambling hell are eight tables similar to that depicted on this page, which make an average profit each of \$2,500 per day. No wonder the suicide's cemetery is well supplied.

It has been said that the founder of this institution, when someone would commiserate him upon the fact that a visitor had won many thousands of pounds used to curl his lip and say, "It will all come back." And so it does. The huge annual fortune of something like one and half million pounds is made and distributed by the joint-stock company which owns this place of frightful associations.

The same thing can be said of the man or woman who makes their dime bet with the street bookmaker—sometimes they win, but invariably "it all comes back"—to the bookmaker.

It is said of a clerk who had been for several years in a bank at Nice, that during all that time he only knew one man who had left the Riviera with substantial winnings—with all the others it had all gone back!

The following description of the scenes at the table by a magazine writer is interesting:—

Character Studies.

"To those who do not care for gambling, it is most interesting to study character around the tables. The variety is endless. The fashionably-dressed young woman, obviously suffering from the gambling fever, whose face is twitching with excitement as the money comes and goes; the quiet-looking old lady, apparently cool, self-possessed, and

dignified, whom you would think would be the last kind of person to be seen in such a place; all types, all ages, even very old men, whose trembling hands can hardly reach for the gold as it is passed to them, are there, spending almost the last hours of their lives in this atmosphere. There is the man who has come with a large sum of money, determined to have a big fling. Then there is the man who tries to conceal his disappointment, perhaps he is going in for a grand coup on a particular set of numbers. He wins the first time, and then puts all the money handed to him upon the same numbers. If he wins again he will have \$2,500 to draw, and after a few seconds, during which the ball is spinning round and round, it is decided, the number is called out and the croupier sweeps away his money. Lookers-on know are watching him, so he gives a sickly smile, as though he would say, 'It is nothing.' Indeed, it is remarkable how, on the whole, the gamblers do conceal joy and sorrow.

Gamblers' Persistence.

"The persistency of many of the gamblers is tremendous. Having lost all the money they have taken with them, they telegraph to any-

one from whom they think they can get some, with assurances that they are certain to retrieve all. As many as one hundred telegrams to different parts of Europe, asking for more money, have been sent off in one day from Monte Carlo. There are people who make a very good living out of lending money at enormous interest to gamblers.

After this it is good to know that the lease expires in 1913, and that the Prince of Monaco has determined not to extend it. He gets \$250,000 a year out of it. Let us hope he will have the moral courage to act up to his rumored decision.

The Old Story.

It was in this place, then that William Ogilvie found himself. Here his lust for gambling could find free and unrestrained outlet so long as his money lasted. For the best part of a year he daily frequented the Casino. He lost, of course. He exhausted all his own financial resources, and then borrowed from all who would lend. He still lost.

Then the end came. Bankrupt in pocket and reputation, he returned to England, and in the course of a short time

found himself in the streets, without money, without friends, without hope, without God.

Many a man who would not be tolerated within the gilded walls of the Casino has found himself in the same destitute plight, and through the same cause. Dime bets will bring a working-man to beggary as soon as thousand-franc bills will the rich. Beware of gambling—if you are a gambler Christ can set you free.

William Ogilvie, houseless and starving, found his way into a Salvation Army Shelter, where he was led to God, taught to work, and ultimately reconciled to his wife and child, from whom he had been estranged by his extravagance and dissipation.—Social Gazette.

SPAIN AND THE ARMY.

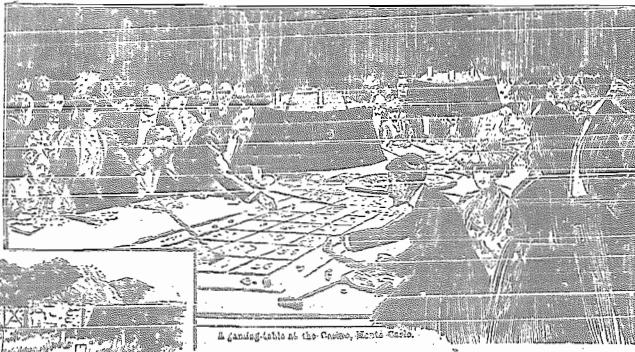
On the authority of the Daily Mirror, it was stated that, "By Princess Ena's special request, King Alfonso will throw over Spain to the influence of the Salvation Army."

Princess Ena has probably come in contact with the work of the Salvation Army on the Isle of Wight, of which her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, is the popular Governor.

We have pushing and energetic corps at Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Ventnor, Sandown, and Freshwater.

WHAT YOU ARE—NOT WHAT YOU SAY.

What a man says is important: what a man does is more important, but what a man is, that is most important. Not in speaking, not in doing, but in being, there you find the man. "What you are speaks so fondly," said Emerson, "that I cannot hear what you say."



A Gambling-table at the Casino, Monte Carlo.

one from whom they think they can get some, with assurances that they are certain to retrieve all. As many as one hundred telegrams to different parts of Europe, asking for more money, have been sent off in one day from Monte Carlo. There are people who make a very good living out of lending money at enormous interest to gamblers.

Self-Murder.

"Suicides in consequence of losses at the tables are said to be of frequent occurrence, but it is very difficult to get accurate information as to their number." People who live in Monte Carlo will tell you that the numbers are very much exaggerated, and that they rarely occur. On the other hand, it is, of course, to the interest of the authorities to keep them quiet. During the writer's visit of a week it was said that there were no fewer than four suicides: one upon the hills, one in the gardens of the Casino, one in the sea, and one, a young woman, in her room in an hotel.

"There is a very sad sight to be seen at Monaco, about a mile from the rooms, viz., the 'Suicides' Cemetery.' It is situated above and apart from the ordinary burying-ground in barren, uncultivated land, very much in keeping with its dire associations, and there are buried, without ceremony, any who have taken their lives through their losses at the Casino. Four blank walls, forming a square, enclose it, and the unfortunate one's resting-place is only marked by a piece of plain wood with a number on it.

Ghastly Gamblers' Acre.

"As the numbers only reach a little over thirty, one is apt to take comfort in thinking that there are not very many suicides; but when you are informed that the bodies are

Looking Back.

By Lieut.-Colonel Tait.

I have been asked to write something on the above title, and gladly comply, as this request gives me an opportunity of reviewing many years spent in the best and noblest cause—saving the lost. As I reflect, scenes come up before my mind that fill me with abundance of joy and satisfaction. Some of these I will try to describe.

I started my Army career with a strong resolve that might be expressed in the following words: "Oh, hinder me not while His love I proclaim." My mind and being were full of holy enthusiasm. Myself, sacrifices, cross-bearing, what I would have to suffer or gain, occupied my mind little, if at all. I remember an absorbing desire for feet or wings swift enough to carry me far and wide, with a thousand tongues in addition, to make known the glad message of salvation and heaven for all!

That holy fire had been set alight in my heart at an Army knee-drill.

Henceforth, my eyes were upon my leaders. I watched them intently so as to catch all the impressions of their spirit and character. I drank in their words eagerly; I wanted to be like them to do the work they did. They will never know what I owe to them. Truly their lives have flowed into mine as into thousands of others.

One incident comes to me at this moment. The General was conducting officers' meetings, at which I was present as a Lieutenant. At the conclusion of the first sitting, the Provincial Officer drew the General's attention to the newly-decorated hall, which was of many colors, and requested his opinion on it. The answer disclosed a great principle. "I hate mixtures," said the General. "Why did you not paint it all red or blue? I hate mixtures!" he repeated emphatically.

The impression made on me by this remark was great. I have now forgotten much about that wonderful day, but the General's exclamation sank too deeply to be forgotten. From that day I have had the greatest horror of being a mixture.

While reading the Field Officers' Regulations, the words, "character determines influence; the make of the gun gives an extra force to the shot; set me to work upon my own character with diligence. I saw clearly that to develop a character that would show forth the praises of my Saviour, daily crucifixion was necessary. I also realized that all the unpleasant things in life were sent by God to give a death-blow to self. Since then I have accepted them in that light, and have proved that—

"Things that hurt and things that mar

Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are friendlier
Than the smiling days."

Michael Angelo was overheard to say, while chipping at his block of stone, "While the marble wastes the image grows." Truly, if we are to become perfect in character, this perfection can only be realized by a daily chipping away of the self-life. The Apostle realized this when he said, "I die daily." He was able, therefore, to say also, "I live, nevertheless not I, but Christ liveth in me." Death is the gateway to life. "They that do know their God shall be strong and do ex- plorts."

At one of my corps I had a considerable debt to meet, and while laying the matter before God, I felt that I ought to publicly pray as well as work for the needed money. So I arranged a fortnight's early morning prayer meetings. Needless to say, such daring faith was criticized, and some luke-warm folk predicted disappointment. However, those early hours of prayer proved seasons of great blessings, but when the last meeting was almost at an end no money had so far come. All eyes were upon me, anxiously waiting to see the finish.

My heart was at rest, however, in a faith

that laughs at impossibilities, and cries, "It shall be done." "Friends," I said, "the money has not come, but it is coming to-night."

Suddenly two comrades came forward and put the needed money into my hands.

The doubters were naturally shamefaced, while the believers rejoiced and glorified God.

I was once conducting an open-air meeting at a spot hallowed by sacred memories. There some of God's people in days gone by had spilt their blood for the truth. A great crowd had gathered around, and a glorious influence hovered over us. How I longed to get those dear people to the Saviour! But suddenly the sky blackened, the rain came pelting down, and the crowd began to disperse.

I felt strangely grieved that such an opportunity was spoilt, and feeling that the Spirit urged me, I prayed for the rain to stop.

Standing in the downpour, I lifted up my voice, and prayed, "O Lord, for the sake of these people, stop the rain."

Immediately the elements turned again in our favor. The people looked astonished, and the Lieutenant said in amazement, "How could you pray like that?"

I had simply obeyed a strong inward prompting, and the people saw that Elijah's God was still living.

It is more evident to me than ever that what the Lord wants are simple, loving, loyal hearts—broken and emptied, and ready to obey His commands at all times and in all places.

"If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."—Under the Colors.

GEORGE FOX, THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XVI.

A Protracted Tour Through England and Ireland.

George now spent some considerable time in a protracted tour in England and Ireland. For a wonder, he was allowed to pursue his way in peace. He had much success, and writes that—

"The Lord's truth came over all, and many that had been out from the truth came in again this year (1669) confessing and condemning their former outgoings."

When in Scarborough, Sir Jordan Crosslands sent him the following quaint message: "I hope you will not be so uncivil as not to call and see me and my wife." So George

went, and was entertained most kindly by his former jailer.

During his tour he felt that the time was now come when he might consider his marriage with Margaret Fell. The matter was laid before various Quakers, "both privately and publicly," we are told, and then Margaret's children, all of whom were now grown up, were consulted, and as the majority agreed that it was the Lord's will, the wedding took place at Broadmead meeting-house. The place was crowded, and the greatest interest was taken in both Margaret and George. A certificate relating the circumstances of the wedding was signed by more than ninety witnesses! Margaret Fell was ten years older than George Fox. She was fifty when she married him.

The newly-married couple stayed a week at Bristol, then they went on together to Old-stone and there took "leave of each other in the Lord" and separated, George going on a preaching tour to London, and Margaret back to Swarthmore and her work of assisting the Northern Quakers.

On arriving home after his tour, George was met with the news that his wife had been "haled out of her house and carried to Lancaster prison on an old charge." Back to London he posted, holding meetings at the different towns he passed on the way, and sent two of Margaret's children on to see the king and get an order for her release. This order was difficult to procure, and it was only after many visits to Whitehall that they at last succeeded, and Margaret was at liberty.

The year 1670 saw the final passing of what was known as the Conventicle Act. This Act limited all meetings outside the Church of England to the number of five! If six met together they could be arrested, tried and sentenced by the justice who lived in the neighborhood. Informers were rewarded for telling of such gatherings, and as the Quakers

Scorned Either Subterfuge or Resistance they were an easy prey. No sooner was the Act in force than persecution broke out again with redoubled energy. The historian, Hallam, says in his "Constitutional History" that "no severity comparable to this cold-blooded persecution had been inflicted by the late powers, even in the ferment and fury of a civil war!"

"The firmness and patience of the Quakers in meeting this storm," writes a Quaker at this time, "was of great benefit to their religious profession, being at once a testimony to their innocence and integrity, and a noble assertion of the right of liberty of conscience."

A 20th-Century Call for "Fishers of Men."

CANDIDATES ARE WANTED!

THE NEXT SESSION of the Training College in Toronto will commence about the beginning of August.

At least one hundred consecrated men and women will be required to train for officership.

The session will last for six months.

The course of study is both theoretical and practical, its object being to teach and train Candidates in the matchless art of saving the souls of men.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE."

This system of training is unique!

Those who wish to enter must apply at once.

The opportunity presented is unequalled.

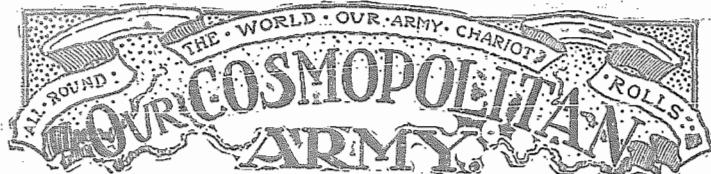
Ordinary business and money-making pursuits are as nothing compared with the work of saving souls from hell, thereby vindicating the honor and glory of Jesus Christ on earth.

What are you living for?

Think and pray about this opportunity, then write for particulars to the Provincial Officer, at the Provincial Headquarters, the officer of the corps where you reside, or to

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

Albert Street, Toronto.



Switzerland's Annual Day of Days.

489 Surrenders.

The Great Field Day of the year in this clime is Ascension Day, both in French and German-speaking Switzerland. To it all the corps look forward, saving their spare cash, practising their best songs and instrumental selections, drilling the young Army for their share, donning the most conspicuous show of uniform, and otherwise building up, by prayer and faith, holy anticipations of a rallying day of delight and salvation.

On several occasions the General himself has visited and reviewed his Swiss troops. Last year Mrs. Booth conducted the services, with her daughter and Commissioner Cox by her side. This year no less celebrities were secured than Commissioner Booth-Tucker for the German-Swiss campaign at Zurich, and Commissioner Nicol for the French-Swiss celebrations at St. Aubin, a central village near Neuchatel, to which came from 600 to 700 Salvationists, heedless of drizzling rain and sundry thunder storms. A huge tent accommodated about 1,300, and it was calculated that some 3,000 persons visited it during the day.

A hundred and twenty-five surrenders during the four meetings of the campaign, despite the disadvantages of translation.

The Foreign Secretary's Triumph.

Immediately following a glorious visit to Italy, where an officers' council, Social lecture, and extra salvation meeting were put in by Commissioner Booth-Tucker—with the abundant reward of seventeen Italians at the mercy seat—the Foreign Secretary proceeded to Zurich to conduct the Ascension Day jubilees with Commissioner McAlonan.

The great Schauspiel halle, holding 4,000 people, with its surrounding grounds, was the centre of the day's salvation scenes. At the morning meeting 103 seekers for holiness or salvation were recorded. In the afternoon seventy more came to the cross. At night the number reached forty. The campaign was continued the following day—Sunday—at the same place. Special permission to procession the streets was secured, of which band and soldiers took good advantage. The meetings were most powerful: many souls were set free, as well as Candidates for officership secured. One hundred and fifty were registered as seekers, making a total of 66 for the two days' campaign. All glory to God! Our Swiss comrades were charmed, cheered, and infused with more and more of the fighting spirit.

Colonel Hammond's Important Interview with the British Secretary for India.

Before leaving England on his return to Bombay, Colonel Hammond, the Resident Indian Secretary, and Lieut-Colonel Mapp were received at the Indian Office, Whitehall, by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., secretary for India.

Going to his Cabinet Minister's office in his picturesque Indian uniform, our Resident Indian Secretary was received most cordially by Mr. Morley.

The subjects discussed were our Village Brotherhood Banks, Indian Colonization, and the work of our two hospitals at Nagercoil, South India, and Anand, Guzerat.

Colonel Hammond furnished some striking facts and figures relating to the number of our Village Banks, their capital, and the number of borrowers. Mr. Morley manifested the keenest interest in all these particulars; and

asked several questions.

With reference to colonization, Mr. Morley was informed that the Salvation Army had made application to the Punjab Financial Commissioner for a grant of a large tract of land, with a view to settling on it two hundred families of our own people whom we were endeavoring to raise socially and spiritually.

The fact that during last year alone our hospitals in India treated eighteen thousand new cases, and an equal number of repeat cases of people suffering from all manner of disease, impressed the Secretary for India very favorably.

Colonel Hammond referred to the fact that the Army had always guarded against the evils arising from indiscriminate charity, and even in India encouraged the poor who could to contribute a little towards the cost of the medical aid given them. That the help furnished these poor sufferers was valued by



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR FERGUSON,
Who Presided at the Commissioner's Meeting at Stratford, June 3.

their relatives was proved by the fact that in the boxes at the hospitals in which voluntary payments are placed, the patients gave about \$2,500 during last year.

It was pointed out, however, that the cost of buying land, building, equipping, and maintaining hospitals in India was very considerable, and while there was a crying need for more Salvation Army hospitals, our lack of funds prevented us making the extension we were anxious to proceed with. Fully equipped doctors were available for this important work as soon as the hospitals could be pridided.

Before closing the interview, which lasted nearly half an hour, cordially wishing them good-bye, Mr. Morley requested that the matters referred to in the interview, and the Army's wishes in connection with them, should be placed before him in the form of a memorandum.

Progress in Holland

Five New Corps and an Industrial Home.

Commissioner Thos. Estill, who has been on a flying visit to International Headquarters recently, had a glowing account to give of the advances being made by the Army in Holland.

New ground is being broken, our work is winning more and more the sympathies and support of the people, and young men and women are rapidly coming forward to take their places in the ranks of our officers.

Within the next fortnight five new corps will have been opened. One is at Amsterdam, another is a slum-post at Groningen, and the other two are at Pekela and Vlardinghen.

The growth of the work has necessitated new Headquarters at Amsterdam, and the vacating of the old building enables it to be adapted to the purposes of an Industrial Home to accommodate 120 men.

Increased demands on the halls throughout the country has rendered it necessary to consider a scheme for their enlargement.

An outstanding feature, and one which is significant, is the number of Candidates who are offering themselves for the work. The new Training session which commences at the beginning of next month, will see fifty Cadets in preparation for the field, nearly double the number of any previous term.

More than that, four officers are going on foreign service in Java.

Demonstrations were held in all the principal centres throughout the country on Ascension Day, which is an important occasion with the Dutch people, and while no open-air work, so understood, is yet permitted by the authorities, big "goes" were held in grounds kindly lent for the purpose by influential people.

Mrs. Booth Launches Another New Enterprise.

Pleasantly situated, standing amidst its own trees, surrounded by garden and orchard, and only five minutes' walk from the sea is Elmville, our Holiday Home at Southend for young people.

Mr. Alderman Brightwell, the Mayor, presided, and was supported by Sir Loyd-Wise and other local gentlemen.

Mrs. Booth interestingly explained the two-fold nature of the Home.

"The Salvation Army religion," she said, "is essentially a religion for the family. It is as much for the women as for the men, for the children as the parents.

Speaking on behalf of the 101,000 young people whose names are on Salvation Army rolls, Mrs. Booth went on to say that holiday-time was often a time of great temptation, and it was from the realization of this fact that the Army had decided to open Homes in which, for a small charge, our young people might spend their holidays by the seaside under Salvation Army influences. The announcement of these Homes which has already been made by the Chief of the Staff at various Young People's Councils this year has been received with enthusiasm.

Another object of the Home was the benefit of the young women of Southend. A "club" will be formed, and the Home opened at certain times to receive young people who have nowhere else to spend their "night out." Salvation entertainments will be provided, and, better still, they will receive from the officers that love and sympathy of which the lives of so many are deficient, and which Mrs. Booth maintained is as necessary to them as sunshine is to flowers.

Sir Loyd-Wise, who said he had seen something of the Army's work in other lands, spoke warmly of this new project; while the Mayor heartily endorsed Mrs. Booth's views with regard to the young people's holidays, which he said, as often as not brought more of a curse than a blessing.

The new Home has accommodation for twenty-four young people, on a graded scale of charges, based on the earnings of the individual applicant who desires to sojourn there. This institution marks another milestone of progress in connection with the problem, "How to keep our young people."

Worrying over to-morrow's problems is wasting to-day's power.

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

Whaling in the Northern Seas.

We raised our whale at sun-up, and almost before the first long-drawn "Ho-o-o-o-w" from aloft had ceased its echo, our boats had dropped like shadows on the surface of the desert ocean. One moment the decks had been flushed and quiet. The next a hurricane of orders preceded a wild stampede. Shoes were kicked from feet, and the boat's crew swarmed down the falls and dropped cat-like into their places.

In this way a writer begins a graphic description of a whale hunt, in Harper's Magazine, from which we make these extracts.

With a whirr of tackle the whale at the waist and starboard boats followed; so closely, they seemed to almost strike the water in unison. Of the whereabouts of the whale we were advised from time to time by her signals aloft. The colors soon had disappeared from the main-truck, indicating that the creature had sounded. So we held our course unaltered till the weather-elew of the fore-topsail (galant!) told us he had broken water far off to our windward, and there was nothing left but to draw in sail and pull for it.

A Rapid Steed.

Suddenly, "Stand by your iron!" and from somewhere back of us came a faint, sonorous whistle. I twisted my neck, and caught a glimpse of a dark mass elevating the water a hundred fathoms ahead. Our oars bent like reeds, the boat leaped ahead like an animal under the lash. Again the whale spouted nearer, and then, for a third time, that long-drawn whistling exhaust; and the humid vapor escaping from the pent-up lungs drifted like a mist over the boat, and we felt on our necks its dampness. The rankness of it was still in our nostrils, when there we're a whilst and a rush, as the huge monster rose clear of the sea, a spout with mighty flukes spread high, for an instant was silhouetted against the yellowness of the noon sky; then, with a earthen roar of waters, disappeared beneath the surface, just as another whale, from where we know not where, broke water under our very bows. "Give it to him!" yelled the mate. The harpoon was buried to its hilt; overboard went the iron.

A jerk pitched those unprepared in a heap to the bottom. For an instant our stem was sucked under, and we slipped a barrel of water. Then we were off with the speed of an express, with the water pouring in a sheet over our bows, and sifting the full length of the boat, till the last of us was drenched to the skin. We tore in an arrow-like flight due westward, till the ship was but a speck in the distance.

A Long Chase.

And so we held our pace without let-up; for though after a while the whale slackened his first mad pace, the line also went out slower, and even the bow of the boat was kept just above the level of the water. And we, crouching in the bottom to steady her, hauled constantly to keep from filling with the influx over the bows. Slower and slower the line surged, and the stern tub was emptied and the waist tub was being drawn on heavily. Then came a moment when it ceased running through the chocks, and the boat began to lag.

"Stand by to haul in line!" came the order, and getting out of our cramped positions, we grasped the now inanimate rope and hauled and strained with feet braced on the thwarts, winching it back inch by inch, painfully and slowly. Span by span, fathoms by fathoms, the line crawled in, and we called it aft in the bottom.

Gradually we hauled up to the whale. The harpooner stood ready. His voice poised high, almost trembling double, he ground in the lance till it brought up at the socket, a full six feet of cold steel; then for an instant the whale "churned." The great fumifer flukes lifted from the water, and we watched all that coil of line, fruit of an hour's toil, roll over the bow again, to be hauled in anew.

But our quarry was now spouting thin blood, and visibly growing weaker. Four wearisome times, though over hand, we hauled up to and lanced him. Each

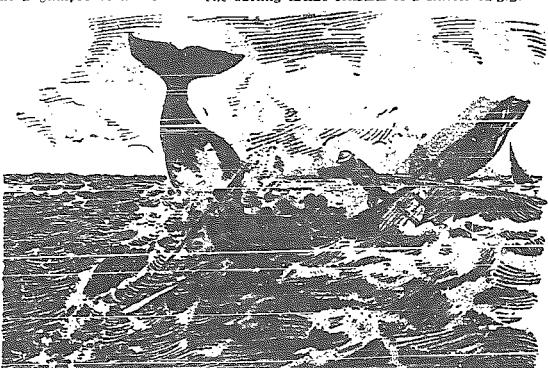
time he carried out less of our line. Suddenly veered sharply; then, with a horrid inward convulsion, a stream of clotted crimson gushed from his spiracle, and the great carcass turned belly up, with the seas lapping over it—lay just awash, a huge, shadowy, undulating mass, with no more semblance to a living creature than had the seaweed drifting by it. Already the scavengers of the deep were gathering, their sharp fins cutting the water knife-like all about us. Not a moment could we halt; the day was all too short for the task before us. Reeling a short warp through the spout-hole, we passed a line from one boat to another, and, all tandem, began the long dead tow to ship.

A Big Job.

A whale ship "cuts in" a whale always over the starboard side. To admit of this three of her four whale-boats are suspended from the port side, while to starboard, over the gangway, is lashed a long platform, or cutting-stage. This is lowered from the ship's side and boomed out some fifteen feet over the dead whale. From this platform, which has a hand-rail, the mates work, cutting at the blubber with long-handled keen-edged scythes.

The strain at the mainmast is terrific. Several instances are on record where the weight of a whale's head has caused the foot of the mast to crush through a vessel's backbone, so scuttling her.

The cutting tackle consists of a cluster of gigantic



Harpooning a Whale—A Daring effort.

blocks made fast to the main-top, through which are rove the two falls, each suspending a heavy block and blubber-hook.

Blanket-Blubber.

The blubber, except for a thin-like coating called blackskin, easily scraped off with the thumb-nail, is the only outer covering of the whale. It is of a fatty nature and exceedingly tough. This separates readily from the flesh beneath, so that cutting, only vertical incisions are made with the scythes, along a great line termed the scarf, and the lift of the windlass lifts the blubber from the carcass as the peel is skinned from an orange, requiring only an occasional jerk from the spade to keep it free, the whale rolling over and over in the water as it is unwound, the mates on the stage hacking with their spades a crosswise line about the rolling body, the windlass tearing away the blubber. When the end of the strip has been hauled to the lower masthead, the third mate at his station is the waist, with a long boarding knife punctures two holes through it close to the deck, and at some distance apart. Through these a chain strap is rove, and the second fall attached to it. Then, all hands standing back from the gangway, and a few well-directed lunges the mate severs the mass above the newly-fastened tackle, and to the lusty shout of "Board ho!" the great weight of the first "blanket piece" swings inboard, sweeping any luckless obstacle from its path, and dragging about with it those who are attempting to steady it down the hatchway.

About us in a great circle the waters were quite crimson with the outpour of blood from the carcass. The sea fairly boiled with monstrous sharks battling among themselves for the detached fragments. The spiral cutting progressed to a point midway between the hump of stakes; then, after the body had been dismembered and searched for possible ambergris, two vertebrae were disjoined and the carcass cast adrift. Hauling the remains partially from the water, the flukes were severed at the small

and freed of the chain, followed the denuded carcass down to the sharks. To the exultant cry of all hands, "Five-and-forty, mo-o-ah!" the shank of the tail smashed over the sheer-plank and spun across the deck.

We hauled the junk, and made it fast to the lashings, aft the gangway. Then came the curse, the real lift of the day: Its thirty tons or more brought the starboard scupper down to the water-level, the ship's hull creaking and groaning under the strain. Half on deck, half on the board, it was secured fast and the stage hoisted out of the way.

Nature's Reserve.

The tail of a beaver, the hump of a camel and the case of a sperm-whale have each the same function—the hoarding up of reserve nourishment against a time of fast. Fatty and unctuous, glistening and pearly white, the cavernous reservoir lay opened before us like some vast comb of honey, trickling its stored-up treasure over the suited planking, turning to purest snow. Stark naked, three negroes climbed into its tank-like interior, and, wallowing up to their waists, with knives and scoops, half cut, half ladled the barrels of pulpy dripping substance from its cells. With coal-tubs, tubs, and pails, an improvised bucket brigade passed the prized contents forward to the try-pots, where two bronze-hued figures standing in the capacious kettles with groping fingers tore the oozing pulp to shreds.

Driving deeper and deeper with an eagerness requiring no encouragement, the batters labored without cessation. The try-pots were filled, but still the supply held, till thirty barrels and more of pure spermatic stood in brimming tubs along the bulwarks. The scuppers had been stopped, and the deck washed inches deep in gurry and congealing case-mate. Through this the men splashed and slipped, and with scoop and shovel reclaimed the precious leakage and poured it into tubs.

Under the try-pots fires were started, and the flames leaped hungrily high above the funnels, throwing a lurid glare over the abiding scene.

Boiling Blubber.

Watch relieved watch, but all through the night the work went on. The horse-pieces were mired, the tried-out "scrap" was fed to the fire. Black smoke belched from the chimneys. The tried-out oil was bailed to a temporary cooler. A pungent, sickening odor of burning fat burdened the air.

Our pots could try-out about two barrels of oil an hour, and at this rate we now had perhaps fifty barrels of oil but boiling oil in the large metal coolers between decks.

The wet blubber between decks began to rot within twenty-four hours after being stowed down. Which was the more obnoxious, the burning scrap on deck or the decaying blubber below, is difficult to determine. There was a miniature cloud-burst, and I went below and spent the remainder of the night in a temperature of 102 degrees.

We raised whales again within the week.

No two hundred fathoms off our quarter, another Leviathan was steaming up, logging about two feet to our one, and heading directly across our bows. He swam so near, not varying his course, that a collision seemed imminent, and recalling the fate of other vessels that had permitted a whale to ram them, Capt. Gifford became alarmed and ordered those below to make all noise possible. So they pealed the deck and water-butts with cord-wood sticks, pumped the squeaking wind-sails, clanged the ship's bells, and banged tin pans. Amid the clatter, but with a dignity consistent with his proportions, the whale settled from sight, and passed under our barge and away. Under a fair wind we now ran down and picked up the waiting boats, and so got the second "cut" alongside.

INFORMING PARAGRAPHS.

There is a boring in Germany which extends to a depth of 5,755 feet. It took six years to drill.

So wide is the River Congo, in Africa, that in some portions small ships can pass without sighting each other.

There are four and a half million people in Australia. The continent is said to be capable of supporting at least one hundred million.

WORTH OF A SOUL.

The worth of a soul. Ah, who but He Who drank to its dregs on Calvary

The bitter cup, its worth can tell?

The worth of a soul He knows full well.

O Lamb of God, in that last sad hour Of the conflict with sin and Satanic power, Didst Thou sound the depths of a soul that lost, And pay for its ransom a fearful cost?

The heart-rending cry from Calvary's tree: "Oh, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Was He tasting the pangs of eternal woe That grieve its anguish might never know?

Oh, loving, suffering Son of God, Who for me the pathway of sorrow hath trod, Thy name I love, and render. Thee The life redeemed on Calvary.

The worth of a soul. Ah, who can tell? He Who redeemed the soul from hell? Who bore in His body ion Calvary's tree The punishment due to you and me.

M. F. Young

A Fixed, Unswerving Purpose.

"What am I going to do with my life?" That is the greatest of all questions for youth. In a few years it will be too late to ask it. Life will then have hardened into a mould too hard to break.

If we were called upon to name one of the greatest history-making events of the nearly twenty centuries that lie between us and the birth of Christianity, we should choose that instant when Saul, on his way to Damascus, exclaimed, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" This was the awakening of a noble purpose in his heart—a purpose which became one of the mightiest factors in the transforming of the character of the world. Thus it is when a man collects all his powers and says, "This one thing I do"—he clothes himself with a force before which all else is impotent.

Now, we all can measure the outward triumphs of a man's life, but we rarely measure the forces out of which the triumphs spring. Men suddenly emerge into the blaze of fame, and then the world wakes up and wonders how it all has happened. Have we not a striking example of all that this means in the life of our beloved General? We cannot do better than repeat what a noted writer has said: "To-day the press of the entire world talks of General Booth; statesmen and great soldiers interview him; church dignitaries and agnostics alike praise him; his name is loudly canvassed in circles where a few years ago it bred the facile sneer; rich men seek his doors with gifts of money; poor men put their hope in him; philanthropists hail him as their captain, and he has been announced on all sides as a new savior of society. Yet, a little over thirty years ago this same man was standing bare-headed in the worst slums of Whitechapel, bleeding and mud-stained, peniless and friendless, and for the whole of that period has rarely been treated by the world at large as anything better than a crack-brained fanatic, a mere low sensationmonger, and enthusiast. Is it luck which has thus suddenly made him the observed of all observers? There is no such thing as luck in any world over which God presides. What, then, is the secret? It is purpose—a fixed, unswerving purpose.

The great victories which men praise are always won first in a man's soul. The men who stamp themselves ineffaceably on the pages of Time are always the men who conceive a purpose clearly, and follow it courageously through evil and good report. These are the dedicated men, the resolved men, the men of one idea, the men who know what they want and live to get it. It is by their power of purpose that they triumph.

The man who is without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder, or compass, or course. Can you conceive such a thing upon the high seas as a ship whose captain does not know where he is going, who replies to your query of "Whither bound?" "I don't know; I go where the currents take me; it is all one to me, and it will be all the same in the end?" You would call that man a maniac. If you have no fixed purpose in life, if you have not decided what you are going to do with your future, the devil will soon teach you how to throw your opportunities away. You need not choose indolence; you have only to be vacillating, and undecided, and you will drift fast enough to failure, defeat, and impotence. You have only to say, "I will not choose God's choice," and the choice of a wicked life is settled.

There is only one purpose in life worth living for; that is to gain character—to be like Christ. Are you satisfied? History teaches man, only that which is done for the Master satisfies. A young missionary went to Africa, and was there a year only when he died; and as he lay dying he said to his friend, "You are going back home; I hope to tell them all that my last words, as I lay dying in Africa, were, 'Let a thousand die, but never give up Africa.'" He died with a noble purpose. He died triumphant—satisfied. What will you do with your life? Answer the question to God. Cited from the *Eastern Star*.

Souls or Self?

By the Late Consul Booth-Tucker.

When the shining angels stoop over the battlements in the dawn of the Resurrection Day to welcome us to the City of Light and Gladness for ever, what will they find us grasping? What will be in your hand and mine?

I do not ask what once was there. I do not ask what once you loved, what once you held most dear, what once you embraced as the first and all-absorbing ambition and determination of your life. But I ask you with a heart full of prayer, and with a solemn realization of the uncertainty of time, what is there now? Are you grasping the colors of Calvary, which means nothing less than the hand of the bleeding Lamb, Who gave all for sinners? Are you grasping the interests of never-dying souls? Are you holding tight to a life of desperate love and zeal and sacrifice for others?

Are you thinking most of souls or self? Most of men or money? Most of eternity or time?

Are you in the thick of the fight, where the cross is heaviest, but where Jesus is nearest, or are you on the outskirts of the fray, walking with those who are neither "cold nor hot" for your Lord, and pleading that your health is indifferent, or that your circumstances are unfortunate, or that your friends are opposed, while others are trampling upon every human consideration; are turning a blind eye and a deaf ear for the fascinations and beseechings of time, and out of the broad field where millions perish, are preying by the very cross they carry, its power and its attraction to win thousands for the crown?

SANCTIFICATION.

By the General.

Here is an illustration of the kind of consecration—that is to say, the surrender—that God wants:

A long time back, in Britain, there was a war between the king and his parliament, and the greater part of the nation took the side of the parliament, and the king was sorely pressed. It was then no uncommon thing for some nobleman or rich person to come in to the king, and say, "I am sorry and ashamed that your majesty should be driven from your throne, and I want to help your majesty to get your rights again; and I have come with my sons and my servants, to place our swords and our lives at your disposal. I have also mortgaged my estate and sold my plate, and brought the proceeds to help your majesty to carry on the war." Now, that was a real surrender, or giving up, to that king; it was the laying of life and substance at his feet. If things went well with the king, it would be well with him; but if not, if the king lost all, they lost everything with him.

Now, that is just the kind of consecration that God wants—only, one that goes deeper down still. He has been driven from His throne in the hearts of men everywhere; His name is cast out as evil, and men universally refuse to have Him to reign over them. Now, Jesus Christ wants to secure the kingdom for His Father, and appeals for true-hearted soldiers who will help Him to succeed in this great undertaking, and he wants you to come into the camp in the same spirit that these men of old did to their earthly king when he was in those desperate straits—to come, saying, "I bring my goods, my influence, my reputation, my family—aye, my life. I will have no separate interests; use all I have and am to promote the war, so that my King shall have His own, and His throne shall be established." That is consecration in reality, and that only. This is what Jesus Christ taught when He said, "Seek first the Kingdom of God." This is what Jesus Christ exemplified in His life and death. This is what Paul and the first Apostles did; and, if you are to be a thorough Christian, you must be consecrated in the same way. (See 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.)

Sunday, June 24.—Gospel of Compulsion.—Luke xiv. 16-32.

Monday, June 25.—The Prodigal's return.—Luke xv. 1-16.

Tuesday, June 26.—Father's Welcome.—Luke xv. 17-22.

Wednesday, June 27.—Faithfulness in Little Things.—Luke xvi. 1-16.

Thursday June 28.—The Impassable Gulf.—Luke xvi. 19-31.

Friday, June 29.—Keep on Forgiving.—Luke xvii. 3-19.

Saturday, June 30.—Take No Denial.—Luke xvii. 20-21; xviii. 1-14.

Pray for Ensign Jamieson.

In addition to the special topic for prayer this week we request that our dear comrade, Ensign Jamieson may be given grace for her day of suffering. The Ensign is one of our faithful Headquarters officers. She is now lying very ill. We ask our friends to pray the Heavenly Father to strengthen her for His will: if for healing or for suffering.

Tisdale Settlement.

It is the desire of our General, the Commissioner, and all interested in the best welfare of our fair land that the new settlers coming into Canada may seek for that "righteousness which exalteth a nation." We hope that the Army settlers in the new colony in Tisdale, Northwest, may be bright examples of this life of noble Christian citizenship.

Pray for the Restoration of the Little Six-Year-Old Daughter of a League Member.

A peculiar little note has reached us from one of our dear Prayer League family, and we pass it on to our readers, secounding the request of this anxious parent, that the loved little girl in the Old Land may be restored to health, if it be the Heavenly Father's will. Our comrade says:

"I have never been brought to realize how little I have prayed in the past since being a member of the Prayer League. I have woken to my responsibility of being a praying man, to be a real man of God. I send your prayers for my dear daughter, six years and eight months old, in Richmond Hospital, Surrey, England, that she may be restored to health speedily, instead of having to stay in the infirmary until seven years old."

Our Praying League Member in South Africa.

Sometimes very interesting letters find their way to our desk from members of the widely scattered Praying League family. One just to hand from a Corps-Cadet, whom we asked some months ago, through the Cry, to send us his full address, that we might forward his membership card, is so encouraging that we share it with our readers. He says:

Some time before I left Bermuda I wrote you asking to be enrolled as a member of the Praying League. Since my arrival in Africa I have been receiving copies of the Canadian Cry, in one of the very first copies I received from my friend in Bermuda, I saw an announcement in the Praying League. I read it, and found out that I needed to apply for membership. I had neglected to send my address. How stupid of me. When I sent that application I was a Corps-Cadet in Hamilton, Bermuda. Praise the Lord; I am still a Corps-Cadet, though not at Hamilton, but in Mombasa, Corps-Cape Colony. This is the very latest opening in South Africa. It was opened Feb. 1st, 1905. Ensign Williams and Lieut. Cooper in command. When we arrived here there were three. Since then now there are about twenty. Half-educated and number of junior.

I was sorry to leave the Land of the Lili and Ross, as that was my spiritual birthplace. However, God will it otherwise, and I was forced to leave. I am very thankful to God for the way He is keeping me, and I rejoice to be able to say I'm happy in the love of Jesus.

If you care to send me a card of membership of the Praying League I shall be glad to accept it.

Though I shall not know what the subjects for special prayer are till some weeks later, but my motto is "Pray without ceasing" and I do continue to pray that God will bless the efforts of the Praying League.



Special Prayer Subject: Pray for the settlers who are making homes in the Army Colony, Tisdale, in this June month.

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Promotions—

ENSIGN MCELHENNEY to be ADJUTANT.
Lieut. Wesley Burchell to be Captain.
Lieut. Lizzie Thompson to be Captain.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. GOODWIN to WINDSOR, Ont.
ADVT. SIMS to KINGSTON.
ADJT. CAMERON to St. John's L.
ENSIGN FREEMAN to EASTERN P. H. Q.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.



Camp Meetings. Climatic conditions on this side the ocean are peculiarly favorable for these special summer efforts for the salvation of the people. In this we have much to thank God for, taking care at the same time to use the opportunities advisedly. Salvation is always in season—summer and winter—and the old-time fire burning will certainly prompt the blood-and-fire soldier to thrust the all-important topic before his fellows conspicuously, in every phase of life, with adaptable methods. The origin of camp meetings may be traced as far back as the Exodus of Israel from Egypt. One of the three principal holy convocations of the Jewish year was, by God's command, spent in booths. Seven days of "rejoicing before the Lord" were instituted as a statute for ever throughout their generations, and to this day the "Israelite indeed" preserves the custom. Let us combine with our praises a tremendous onslaught on the ranks of the unconverted, remembering the Apostle Jude's exhortation: "Of some have compassion; making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." This spirit is a safe-guard against levity.

The General Secretary at Galt.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, accompanied by Adj't. Easton, spent a grand weekend at Galt.

On Saturday night the Colonel gave his popular lecture, entitled, "Queer Fish," the Hon. James Young presiding over the same, much to the satisfaction of the audience. This service was enlivened by piano selections by Adj't. Easton, which were enthusiastically received. The Galt people love music, as was very evident throughout the week-end.

Sunday's meetings were good. Some \$25 was taken in the offerings. Mrs. Colonel Gaskin did most of Sunday afternoon's meeting very acceptably. After a powerful Sunday night service the Colonel gathered the soldiers around him and treated them to some hints on soldiership, which gave many an eye-opener as to the growing importance of the organization to which they belong. One good case of restoration is reported.

Lisgar Street Band Sunday.

A memorable and blessed week-end on this old fighting ground was conducted by Brigadier Howell, which also marked the introduction of Capt. and Mrs. McFetrick, the new C. O.'s. The day began with an early call at the officers' quarters by a policeman, anxious about his soul. He got gloriously saved.

Being Band Sunday, special efforts were made for finances, resulting in \$78. Best of all, nineteen souls sought deliverance at Jesus' feet.

The Commissioner with the Temple Band IN EAST ONTARIO.

Seventy Souls the First Eight Days—Forty-Five at the Mercy Seat on Sunday at King-ston—Meeting in Kingston Penitentiary—Pathetic Scenes as the Band Played "Nearer, My God, to Thee"—Sixty Convicts Desired to be Prayed for—
Jehovah Reigneth!

By Lieut.-Colonel Pugnire.

SMITH'S FALLS.

The band met the Commissioner on his arrival by the 1 p.m. train from Ottawa, and escorted him down to the Opera House, where a meeting had been announced to be held at 3 o'clock. It is about eighteen years since the Commissioner paid his last visit to this enterprising little town. Soldiers and friends accorded him what I might term a glorious welcome. But none appreciated his visit more than the Temple bandsmen themselves, for their leader gave them one day out of his busy life, and it was made a day long to be remembered.

The meeting itself was an inspiration. Out of his heart the Commissioner spoke, and we were rejoiced to see seven come forward for cleansing.

The night meeting was announced to be a musical festival, and with the Commissioner as chairman the success of the meeting was assured. The band looked a picture in their brand new tunics, made by "our own tailor," at Trade Headquarters, and their bright, polished instruments all "our own make."

A monster open-air meeting was held in the centre of the town, which was attended by hundreds of citizens.

The program given was an eye-opener. It consisted of full band selections, male quartets, cornet, trombone, and euphonium solos, as well as vocal with band accompaniment.

The Commissioner, ere the program was completed made a soul-stirring appeal, and a number of hands went up; three of them came right on to the platform and sought forgiveness. A gentleman promised to give \$50 per year to the Army if one of the converts in whom he was interested proved faithful.

The Commissioner had a heart-to-heart talk with the bandsmen, and the writer has heard many references since to this little meeting, and they all unite in saying, "God bless the Commissioner."

Brigadiers Howell and Turner, with Adj'ts. McElhenney and Jennings, and your humble dust, acted as aides.

The writer was deputed by the Commissioner to continue with the band on tour as his representative.

MONTRÉAL.

The band fairly captured the city. A huge open-air meeting was held at the Dominion Square, in front of the Windsor Hotel, when an immense crowd gathered to listen to the strains of the music.

The musical service in the new citadel was

of the highest order. The soldiers and friends know how to appreciate a good thing, and that appreciation they demonstrated again and again most freely. The boys enjoyed the "mountain ride," kindly arranged by Brigadier Turner. At the depot the following morning the band took off their caps and played "God save the King." A great crowd of spectators were present.

KINGSTON.

The Sunday was spent at Kingston, and the Lord was pleased to make it one of the best times of our lives. The holiness meeting was full of old-time power. Holiness of heart and life was set forth, and nine dear comrades came with their offering and laid all on the altar for service.

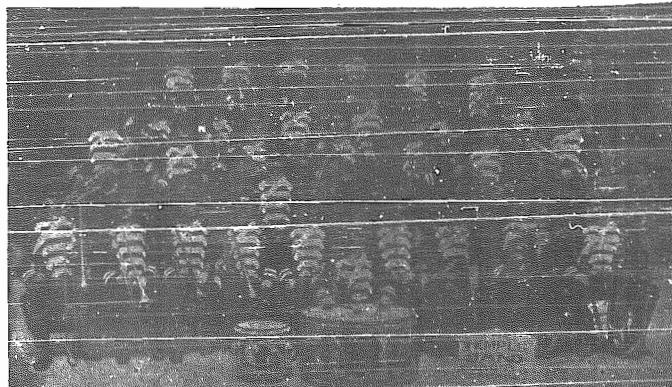
The Penitentiary.

Arrangements were made with Chaplain Cook for a service of music and song in the federal prison, where there are 400 convicts incarcerated, some of them life men. A melting influence swept over the meeting as the band played "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was with difficulty some of the bandsmen could get through, for the sight of the hundreds of convicts before them almost overcame them. The audience sat spell-bound. When the invitation was given sixty of them responded and asked for the prayers of the bandsmen. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, who is on his way from the Old Country to Australia, and was present, asked that the band might play "Memories of Childhood." He himself was very much moved. We would fain have heeded the pleadings of the officials to stay longer, but for the fact that we were announced to do a similar service in the citadel.

The Night Meeting

was the crowning time. The crowd was immense. After Brigadier Turner had read from the Word the writer pulled in the net, and an indescribable scene followed. We put Adj't. McElhenney on the bridge, and every bandsman stood to their guns, fishing, singing, and helping to pilot poor souls into the Kingdom of grace. The first to volunteer was a man followed by another from the gallery. A father and mother came with their little boy, and all three knelt at the mercy seat. The penitent form was filled again and again, and still they came, until thirty-six were registered, making a total of forty-five for the day.

The band will continue another week on tour, and are anxiously looking forward to meeting the Commissioner at Oshawa the next week-end. More anon.



Opening of a Splendid Working-Men's Hotel in Glasgow, by the General.

A very large company of prominent citizens assembled in the new institution to hear the General, and give the enterprise a good start off on what promises to be a career of signal service to the community and the country.

A Distinguished Company.

The Hon. William Bilsland, the Lord Provost, presided, and with him were Sir John Uri Prinrose, Bart, J.P., Sir Samuel Chisholm, Bart, J.P., the provosts of surrounding burghs, and a long list of bailies, councillors, municipal officials, ministers, and leading merchants.

In the course of an eloquent speech, the Lord Provost said they were all delighted to see General Booth once more amongst them. (Applause.)

In connection with this new departure which they were met to inaugurate, every right-thinking citizen was glad that General Booth and his devoted officers had determined to extend their energies in this direction to Glasgow. (Applause.)

This Social Work of the Army was not an experiment. It had proved a wonderful success in other cities and in other lands. (Hear, hear.) Such work could not, of course, be carried on without generous support; but he was sure the General would not appeal in vain to the benevolent citizens of Glasgow, where he was known, appreciated, and loved even as his own Army loved him. (Great applause.)

The General, who was accorded a most enthusiastic reception, said it was astonishing how much ignorance prevailed regarding the work of the Army.

With regard to this new Glasgow Working-men's Hotel, Shelter and Workshop, on which £5,000 had been spent in adapting and furnishing, there was every prospect of a successful future. (Hear, hear.)

People would come here expecting not only a bed, but also kindly sympathy, advice and a helping hand. This they would certainly find. (Applause.) If a poor fellow really desired a better way of life, we had equipped a Social Workshop in Greendyke Street, where there would be accommodation for a hundred men. (Applause.)

Want of Religion.

In Switzerland, continued the General, he had seen a very interesting land colony where Government made a profit out of the unemployed and loafers who were sent there under compulsion; but the officials had explained sadly, "The men leave the colony the same as they come, with their characters unchanged," and they wanted Army officers to come and bring the influences of sympathy and religion to bear upon them. (Hear, hear.)

"Here in this building," said the General, evoking ringing applause, "would be placed a ladder at the foot of every poor, homeless man, who came in, upon which he could climb out of his miseries to a career of happiness and usefulness in this life; and heaven in the life to come." (Loud applause.)

After the meeting had concluded, the street was blocked with people waiting to see the General, and when he appeared he received a tremendous ovation.

In a subsequent message to the War Cry, the General sums up his own impressions of this latest addition to our Social institutions thus:

"I have just opened in Glasgow one of the most substantial, commodious, and conveniently-situated Shelters the Army possesses. The Lord Provost presided, and a crowd of citizens were present."

"I am greatly delighted alike with the building, the public interest, the fine prospects, enthusiasm, and boundless sympathy.

"I am sure this institution will give a blessed impetus to our other operations in the city. God bless Glasgow!"

Grand Times at Greenock.

One Hundred Captures.

Sandwiched between the series of Field Officers' Councils at Manchester and the opening of the new Glasgow Shelter, which was immediately followed by another series of councils, to embrace the working Field Staff of Scotland, our indomitable leader was scheduled for a week-end's salvation campaign at the birthplace of James Watt, the inventor of steam engines.

The Salvation Army has done grand work in this busy shipyard and industrial centre during the past twenty-four years, and was never more highly respected and beloved than to-day. That its citizens, high and low, appreciated the General's visit will be seen from the following fragment of speech from the lips of the chairman of Sunday afternoon's Town Hall lecture, Provost John Denholm:

"I don't think that I can pay a higher compliment to General Booth than to say that he requires no introduction to the inhabitants of Greenock. In every home in the town his name is loved and the cause he has at heart is appreciated, sympathized with, and encouraged by every individual."

"One marvels," continued the Provost, "at the marvelous growth of an organization that within such a brief period has extended its ramifications all over the earth. There must have been all along some unseen power, some Divine influence, behind the genius of the master-mind that marshalled these forces and still directs the operations of this great Army.

"Nothing is more striking than the successful way the Army applies itself to districts and classes that no one else seems to reach.

"Probably no other man," added the chairman, "has ever been so much misunderstood, maligned, and flattered. Yet, with singleness of heart, the General has courageously and persistently pursued his course. Now, when most men of his age have long since retired and are living in the past, General Booth is living in the future, and is working out far-reaching plans for the social and spiritual uplifting of the people." (Loud applause.)

The Funeral of an Army Bandsman.

Just before the General arrived in the town, a Salvationist's funeral was passing along the streets, which were lined with people who had come out to pay their last tribute of respect. Hundreds of men were present from the shipyard, where the dead man had worked as a plater. Yet only two and a half years ago this Army bandsman, who died respected by the whole town, was a poor drunkard. Coming back from the cemetery one of his workmates said he must have spent hundreds of pounds in drink; his home was an unhappy one, his wife broken-hearted, and she had frequently escaped to a neighbor's from her husband's violence.

Nearly three years ago this man was converted at the Army penitent form, and the change in his life was marvelous. He became the best of husbands and fathers, a workman who needed not to be ashamed, and a consistent, hard-working Salvationist. Wife and daughter are also Army soldiers.

The first man to seek salvation on Saturday night was a workmate of our glorified comrade—a man who had never been in an Army meeting before. Each of the series of meetings was of the first order. The General's messages were inspired. "Every sentence was full of pith, point, and living force," says the Cry special. Sunday night's audience was mainly composed of working men—just the fellows whom the General dearly loves to see in his meetings.

"Leave your sins," he cried; "cease your rebellion against the Lord! Stop to-night! Come and seek salvation! Come and serve

Christ! Once again I have come to Greenock to declare that God is bound to destroy the wicked; I also come to beseech you to come out of your sins and be saved."

A blue-jacket was amongst the first to surrender boldly in the presence of his mates. On and on they came until the glorious total of one hundred seekers was reached.

At the General's right hand were Commissioner Ridsdel, Colonel Lawley, Colonel Whatmore, and a host of other willing workers of the Provincial and Divisional Staff.

The General with His Field Officers.

The second of the important series of British Field Officers' Councils included some 420 privileged listeners.

The General was in capital physical condition, and spoke with amazing freedom and freshness, the attention of the officers testifying to the engrossing interest of the subjects presented.

It is, as a prominent Staff Officer declares, "common to dub the latest of any class of special gatherings 'the best yet,'" but there is no question that for deep spiritual fervor and permanent, practical benefit, these councils have probably never been excelled.



One thing is evident, that the chief feature of the tour of the Temple Band, which is ably reported in this issue, has been souls! souls! SOULS! That is as it should be, and other bands throughout the Territory will not be slack in aiming ever at the same high spiritual key-note in all their demonstrations and festivals, etc., if they desire a like record of success.

The fact that the Commissioner himself arranged to be present with them at some points, was well appreciated by both bandmen, commanding officers, and all others concerned. Our leader is in his element when setting the pace of every new effort for the conversion of sinners.

By cable we learn that the S.S. Kensington is making her June trip under the genial conduct of Commissioner Cadman. He will be present at the Dufferin Park Camp Meetings on Sunday, July 1st, with our own Commissioner. Toronto Soldiery will be delighted once more to listen to his fiery eloquence.

There is no ebb in the immigration tides which continue to flow upon our favored land, bringing us valuable sons and daughters of toil. Every party is placed within a few hours of landing, and still the cry is for "More! More!"

From reports to hand, it is clearly apparent that God has graciously given us another sweeping victory in our S.-D. effort. It is likely that the totals will reach the magnificent figure of \$36,000. The Commissioner is very gratified at these results of persevering diligence and sacrifice on the part of both officers, soldiers, and friends. Making allowance for the loss of the American corps, which were transferred since the last annual S.-D. effort, this sum represents an advance in the neighborhood of \$4,000 on last year's total for the Territory. More details to follow.

We offer congratulations to the following comrades, whose faithful services have been rewarded by Staff promotion: Adjutant McElhenny, of the Temple corps, and Ensign Burtch, of the London Rescue Home. God bless them more and more.

Commander Miss Booth at 'Frisco.

Latest advices speak of most beneficial results following an unexpected visit from Commander Miss Booth to our afflicted comrades at 'Frisco, and neighborhood. Her desire to personally attend to the needs of our dear people there is very highly appreciated.

Followed Up.

By Capt. S. A. Church.

Some years ago I was traveling across the Atlantic with the object in view of "seeing" America. I had no intention of setting on the land, and my notions, therefore, as to what I was going to do there were rather vague and uncertain. I believed then in something that people term "luck," and had a strong hope that I should strike it rich before long. What "it" was I had not the slightest notion, and so left the details to the capricious fancy of the goddess of "chance." Like many others, I was prepared to make great sacrifices in the worship of these idols, and so gave up home, friends, and business with hardly a pang of regret, and getting together all the money I could, ventured across the seas to a life of uncertainty, but confident that Dame Fortune smiled upon me.

On the voyage I struck up an acquaintance with a young man whose parents were sending him to Canada for the benefit of his moral health. They fondly imagined that if he were once away from the temptations of a great city like London, and under the care of godly relatives, he would certainly reform and turn out a credit to the family. He himself certainly thought he ought to reform, but his thoughts ran a long way ahead of him.

He told me that he was going to an aunt who lived in Toronto; that she was a rather religious old lady, and he didn't expect he would be able to go on so many sprees as formerly. He was going to get all the money he could from her; however, and then go to the States, where he could have as much liberty as he chose. I almost began to wish I had a rich aunt in Canada. As I hadn't, I had to paddle my own canoe, and work hard for every cent that came my way. No doubt it did me good.

"Call round and see me when you get to Toronto," said young hopeful, as he handed the address to me on a leaf of his note book. I accordingly did so, and found the much-talked-of aunt at home. The young man was out, but she welcomed me as a friend of her nephew, and seemed very anxious to know if I had known him in London. Suddenly, and apparently with a effort, she addressed a startling question to me. "Are you saved?" she enquired earnestly, and with much feeling. That was the first time anybody had ever asked me such a question or manifested any concern about my soul. I thought as rapidly as an electric current—waves of thought and feeling that passed over me indeed seemed like long rolls of telegraph tape running through me. That question went home, and though I mumbled something about "hoping I was," and said adieu with a smiling face, the words seemed to follow me everywhere.

I went to the country, and for a long time forgot all about the impressions of that meeting, being engaged in a hard struggle for an existence.

For several months I worked at all kinds of labor—fence building, tree cutting, hog killing, sugar and soap making, corn husking and threshing—anything that came in my way I turned my hand to. Then I went to the States, and finally found my way back to England, with the question as to salvation still unanswered. I had not been in England long before the life of a soldier attracted me, and soon I was walking round

The Ramparts of Dover Castle

in the uniform of the artillery. At the first opportunity I volunteered for service abroad, and was sent to the Island of Malta. It was while stationed here that the little seed sown in my heart, many months ago, burst its way up and grew into a strong fruit-bearing plant. It had a most terrific struggle. The weeds of sin had well-nigh choked it out altogether, but at last it conquered and came up like Jonah's gourd, in a single night. One day the troops were idly passing away the hot afternoon. An old gentleman entered the barracks and began to distribute tracts. I was much impressed with

the incident, and resolved to attend the meetings to which he invited us. Somehow it recalled to my mind the sweet-faced old lady in Toronto, and her earnest question, and a conviction began to settle upon me that I must get right with God. This conviction was deepened through my attending a service held by the old gentleman at his house one Sunday evening. A number of the officers and soldiers of my regiment were there, and very kindly welcomed me. They sang a few hymns, and one verse has always remained indelibly impressed upon my heart. It was this—

"Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves
O'er years of misspent life;
O'er sins indulged, while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife
Nothing but leaves."

Then a lady read the parable of the tree that bore no fruit, but was spared another year. It seemed to fit my case exactly, and I inwardly resolved to be a bummer of the ground no more, but endeavor to bring forth fruit for God. I sought an interview with the old gentleman, and tried to tell him how I wanted to be better. He showed me several verses in the Bible, and prayed very nicely for me, and I went homeward with new resolves, but not feeling altogether satisfied. In desperation I knelt down in the barrack-room, and prayed for help, and the glorious assurance of pardon came to me.

Thus it was that the question that the Spirit urged His witness in Toronto to ask me followed me across land and sea until I could answer, "Yes"; after following me up for months, it finally ran me to earth and captured me for the cause of the world's Redeemer. I was the firstfruits of a small revival, and very soon quite a band of praying soldiers arose in the camp, and we marched forward together gaining many victories in the name of Christ.

Notes from Across the Border.

Commissioner Kilbey was waited upon by a deputation of working men from the Northwestern Railway shops, who, by unanimous request, desired that the sum of nearly \$400 they had collected for Frisco relief, be dispensed through the agency of the Salvation Army.

The Commissioner arranged to spend a recent Sunday in a day's councils with the young people of all the Chicago corps above the age of twelve years, after the well-known example of the Chief of the Staff in Britain. The young people's interests are coming more and more to front-rank importance.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey is giving Chicago slumdom a series of Thursday night holiness meetings, of which the first was a great success.

Ensign Porter, of Beulah, Cal., Rescue Home, reports that a severe earth shock, early in May, almost completed the wrecked appearance of the walls of that institution, caused by the quake of April 18th. Rescue comrades have enough nerve shocks of other species, and especially need to be lovingly sustained by those who know how to pray for another.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts supplies the following recital of wonderful deliverance of a morphine slave, whom the Colonel declares now looks so sound and Hale that one cannot detect a trace of his former bondage. This brother is a railroad conductor; he says:

"I lived a fast life, and was going at a rapid speed to an early grave. I habitually used, in no small measure, whiskey, cigarettes, cocaine, and morphine, to all of which I had become an inveterate slave. I had not the power of an infant to resist either, but wanted some every time I saw it, and, as a rule, it was never far enough away to be put out of my reach. It soon made me a complete wreck in body, mind, and soul. In physical strength

I was a child—in appearance an old man. None of my friends had any hope for me. I had none for myself. I never went to church, much less read the Bible. It really is wonderful how God has helped me. I went to the hall to hear the Army Captain, and Captain Faithful, bless her, was the instrument in God's hands of my salvation, body and soul. She first gave me just a verse or two of a chapter to read. This was a task, but I stuck to it till I had got through. Then I thought about it, over and over again, till the next night, when I went and once more presented myself at the hall to know what I should do next. She led me out and on like a child. No other leading would have done, for my nervous system and mind were thoroughly shattered, and I was so saturated and stupefied with the devil's druggery that I could only bear the careful, tender handling usually given a child. I simply did what the Captain told me, in the best way I knew how, and I got saved—blessedly saved. Never shall I forget it! I sometimes think now that what helped me after I got saved as much as anything—apart from God—was that I laughed heartily for two whole years, almost without ceasing. I couldn't help it; it took me that way. I am now a different man altogether, for when I came to God I was doubled up like a man bent with old age. Nor have I for a moment had a desire for either whisky, cigarettes, cocaine, or morphine since. I love His will now and seek to do it. To God be all the praise!"

Lieut.-Colonel Gifford, of the Central Province, U.S., who has been in indifferent health, is on furlough in England.

One of the promotions at the recent New York National Congress, was that of Lieut.-Colonel Reinhardsen, of Scandinavian birth. He is the Financial Secretary at the N. Y. C.

"Old Joe," of Spokane, will be remembered as the worthy correspondent of that corps when it was under Canadian jurisdiction, and some of our readers will be interested to hear that he has taken to himself a wife—Sister Lizzie Tyson, of the same corps.

Specials at Dovercourt.

The past week-end was a very special one at Dovercourt corps. Staff-Capt. Attwell and Capt. Russell, from T. H. Q., were announced to lead on the forces for that day, and a good time was experienced from start to finish. These specials were accompanied by Captain DeBow (who ably assisted as pianist). The Spirit of God was very manifest, and we feel we must especially mention the night meeting, when an excellent crowd of people gathered to join in the praises of God. At the conclusion of the opening song the Staff-Capt. read a portion from holy writ, after which Capt. Russell (the well-known sweet singer in Israel) joined him in singing the psalm, "Face to Face." A hush fell over the entire audience, and after some brief testimonies from the visitors, another solo, and a powerful lesson, two precious souls volunteered to the cross. A great wind-up of holy joy and enthusiasm followed. The day is reported as a record breaker for crowds, finances, and spiritual influence.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Our South African comrades are now in full swing with an energetic three-months winter campaign, which was launched by a stirring proclamation from Acting-Commissioner Richards, calling upon all "jealous of the King of kings' interests to boldly raise the flag of salvation, proclaim the whole counsel of God, devise ways and means for the immediate reclamation of the worst of sinners, stimulate more desperate service on the part of soldiers, increase their number, and generally push forward the salvation war." The S.D. target for the Territory, placed at \$27,500, has been practically secured.

Praying League Secretary at Midland.

A Splendid Week-End and Good Crowds—Deep Interest in Social Addresses—Men's Meeting at Y.M.C.A.—Ladies Under Auspices W.C.T.U.

Mrs. Johnston had a good week-end at Midland recently. The Social meeting was impressive, and people were deeply touched with the address on the shady and sorrowful side of life. Sunday night a large crowd thronged the barracks, and a man volunteered out from the many who sat silent under deep conviction of sin. We will a few extracts from a lengthy newspaper report:

"The W.C.T.U. fortunately secured Mrs. Read-Johnston, who has been here in the interests of the Salvation Army, to address a meeting in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian Church.

"Her subject was 'Personal Responsibility,' and was treated under two heads: First as citizens; second, as Christians. Mrs. Johnston is an earnest speaker, whose words carry conviction.

"She closed with an earnest appeal for more sympathy towards the victims of strong drink.

"To the little children, whose lives are robbed of so much happiness ('Every needless tear of a little child is a bloody mark on our civilization,'—Cardinal Manning) Mrs. Johnston is an out-and-out prohibitionist, and quoted a professor in a college in Michigan who made a thorough examination of prohibition as practised in Maine and Kansas, who says, 'the effect that prohibition, even when least enforced, is incomparably better than any other scheme, such as Government control, public-house trusts, and the dispensary system, rigidly enforced.'

Outpost Fighting.

A Visit to Mabou Coal Mines.

On April 26th a surprise visit was paid to this place by Lieut. Clark, who had walked nine miles, from Port Hood. Here we found three Salvationists, from Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A. A meeting was soon arranged for in the company's hall, and quite a large number attended, and great interest was taken in the description of the Army work by the Lieutenant: also in the method of conducting meetings, which was new to some of the audience. Every week since then he has come down, sometimes accompanied by soldiers from Port Hood and sometimes alone, and through their efforts two souls have found peace, one of whom was a Salvationist in Scotland, but had backslidden. Glory to God!

I must make special mention of the magic lantern service given by Ensign Campbell. (By the way, the first ever given here.) It was very much appreciated, all. The War Cry which the Lieutenant brings are very eagerly looked forward to.

The old devil is getting his back up, but God is for us, and we are having victory all the way, believing that this will be a good corps some day. God grant it. Lieutenant Clark is doing all he can for the extension of God's Kingdom and the Army work, and undoubtedly God's smile is upon his efforts. We trust that every other in charge of Port Hood will take as much interest in our outpost, and visit us often.—One interest.

Master Events.

By Ranger.

Since last writing the steamer Norwegian, with about 600 Salvation Army immigrants on board, has arrived at Halifax. Ensign Gilligan was in charge of this party, which was met here by Staff-Captain Turpin and Capt. DeBov. The vessel docked between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and by seven o'clock the following morning the party was on its way to Ontario.

The atmosphere at last Sunday's meetings at Halifax I. and II. corps was interfered with to a certain extent by the bad weather. At No. I. Staff-Capt. Turpin and Capt. Thompson were the leading attractions; while at No. II. Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove were in command till day, assisted in the evening by the writer. An excellent work was being done in this corps since Capt. Hargrove took command, about two months ago: souls are getting saved every week, and the prospects are very favorable for a successful summer campaign.

The meeting at Halifax I. this evening was led by Colonel Sharp, assisted by the Halifax officers. A heavy rain prevented a number from attending, who otherwise would have been there. The principal event of the evening was the dedication to the service of God and the Army of Master James Howard Wiggins, the latest addition to the family of Capt. and Mrs. Wiggins. The young man is the son of his father, and all being well will doubtless make an able warrior in the sweet by-and-bye.

Temple Band on Tour.

Leaving Toronto on Saturday afternoon, we were met at Peterboro by the corps band, and went for a big march to the barracks, the streets being lined. Inside a great festival was given by the Temple Band, which was greatly appreciated by the large audience. At the close of the meeting one soul volunteered for salvation.

On Sunday great crowds gathered along the

streets and at the barracks. In the afternoon a massed band festival was led by Brigadier Turner, and at night a great salvation meeting was held. The Brigadier spoke with great power, and we had the joy of seeing eight souls for salvation.

By special request the band gave an extra festival after the close of the night service. During the service two souls came forward to seek God's pardon, and at the close we were rejoicing over a good day, in which twelve souls sought salvation.

On Monday we were shown around the city, and enjoyed a few hours sight-seeing.

We left Peterboro at 12 noon, for Tweed, where we had a great time. Huge crowds followed the band to the Opera House, where hundreds were unable to gain admission. The night meeting brought in about \$80. We believe God's voice was heard, and during the singing of "The Lord is My Shepherd," a great influence spread over the building, and we believe we shall have the joy of hearing of the salvation of some soul in this part of the field.

Excellent health reigns supreme, and with such a leader as Brigadier Turner, assisted by Adjs. McElheney and Jennings, we are believing for a great time.—F. P. B.

A Trip Through the Mountains of British Columbia.

By A. E. B.

It was the annual Self-Denial, and Mrs. Captain Baynton and Sister Turner sailed forth on a mission of mercy. One of the chief aims of which was to raise the wherewithal—money. But that this aim by no means distracted their attention from the requirements of precious souls still found straying upon the mountains of bhi will be seen by the following report.

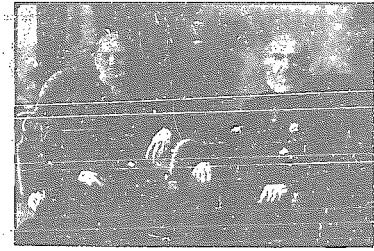
The start was made from the city of Nelson. The sky was clear and the sun shone in all its splendor. A few hours' ride on the S.S. Kokanee and the crusaders arrived at Kaslo. The Army having had a corps here at one time, there are still some traces of it; the drum, for instance, and, better still, one comrade, with his dear wife, are still living here and prove the grace of God to keep. The crusaders are very welcome at their home. After dinner is over they start out in the interests of the Kingdom. The afternoon is spent in collecting and visiting some sick folk. At night, assisted by the brother mentioned above, they conduct a lively open-air service, at which a substantial offering is taken in the interests of the S.-D. fund. After the service many speak of how they used to enjoy the Army meetings, and express the desire to have the work started in their town again. The next day they finish collecting and do some more visiting. While returning from the latter in time to conduct another open-air, the pitiful cries of a young child are heard. From its utterances it is easy to discern that something is wrong. "We must see what the trouble is," says the Captain, and off they go. After a little searching among the bushes and boulders their eyes meet a terrible sight. A woman, under the influence of liquor, has thrown herself on the cold ground, and her little girl, about four years of age, with her little arms around the mother's neck, is crying, "Oh, mamma, wake up! Oh, mamma, wake up!" The little one is taken home with the Salvationists, washed, warmed, and given some good food, and kept there all night. The Salvationists also see that someone else looks after the mother. The crusaders quickly hurry to the street corner, where they find people already waiting for the open-air meeting. Another good, rousing service ensues, during which some red-hot Gospel shots are sent after the enemy. The truth is declared, and God has promised "if we eat our bread upon the waters" it shall return. The people again show their appreciation of and faith in the Army by giving another good collection.

Sandon is the next place visited. The Methodist minister here, knowing previous that the Captain was coming, had arranged for them to conduct his Sunday services, thus enabling him to attend Conference. Before leaving he gave the key of his parsonage to a gentleman, with the request to give it over to the Salvationists when they arrived. This was done, and again the crusaders feel quite at home. The pulpit was adorned by two halchuan bennets that day. Both services were well attended and much enjoyed. As the offering was being taken, the treasurer announced that the proceeds would be devoted to the Self-Denial fund of the Salvation Army. That the congregation was pleased is indisputable for the offering that evening was the largest taken for months.

The next place of honor is Three Forks. The journey from Sandon, which is a distance of six miles, is made by shank's mare. While here the weather, which hitherto had been most favorable, changes, and on account of the wet the crusaders are taken with severe colds; the Captain can scarcely speak, consequently meetings have to be abandoned. Nevertheless, the people are very kind and help well.

Nakusp is the scene of the next duel. Although this is a small place, the people know something of the Army and its good work. They are kindness itself, and help splendidly. After the collecting is finished the crusaders again turn their attention to visitation. They were a blessing to many, and met a lady who was once an officer under the dear old flag. She declares she still loves the Army, and the sight of its uniform is precious to her. They are made a blessing here, and soon pass on.

The following places were visited in turn: Rose-



Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Daubney, of Picton, Ont.

berry, New Denver, Silverton, Slocan City, Bonnington Falls. In all these places the people are pleased to be able to help us in our grand work, and show their appreciation by giving liberally. Arriving back at Nelson late at night, after such a trip, the crusaders are very tired, but as the train pulls into the fair little city, with its well-lighted streets, through which the electric cars are hurrying on their last run, their hearts are filled with thanksgiving for the success accorded.

New Ontario Notes.

Twelve hours' run on the G.T.R. and T. & N.O. brings us to New Liskeard for the week-end. What a crowd of men in the open-air in front of the Hotel Canada, and what a splendid open-air meeting on that Saturday night. The meeting in the barracks was also a magnificent affair. The place was crowded. The meetings all day Sunday were all that could be desired, in the way of crowds and finances. At night the barracks was literally packed, and when the people began to move out at the close of the first meeting, the available space was soon occupied by a fresh crowd, who had stood outside the door all the time the first meeting was going on. We had five in the mercy seat for the day, for which we praise God.

Monday morning the Brigadier, accompanied by Ensign McCann and Capt. Danville, took a trip to Cobalt. Much fire and dynamite explosion had wreaked some dire losses in this northern mining centre. We were again prospecting, not for silver, but for a site for a suitable opening. We hope to secure something soon.

We took in Haileybury, where we succeeded in securing a hall as soon as we have the officers for opening. This thriving town is certainly going ahead by leaps and bounds, and is one of the most prosperous places of the north.

We arrived at North Bay just in time for a little refreshment, and off to the meeting, where a very enjoyable time was spent. One young man was enrolled as a soldier beneath the yellow, red, and blue.

On Tuesday morning we went to Sturgeon Falls on property matters. We had the privilege of traveling with the passengers of the S.S. Kensington, who were on their way to Winnipeg, and got acquainted with a number of Salvationists from the Old Land. At Sturgeon we secured a hall for the summer, and also looked at a couple of lots, with a view to purchasing in the near future.

We returned to North Bay just as the local corps were going to the open-air, and gave them a hand again. We had a splendid time both outdoors and in, and finished up with a soldiers' tea, which was enjoyed by all present. On Wednesday morning we conducted a

Meeting in the District Jail at 8:30, where we trust we were made some blessing to the prisoners.

A few hours' run brings us to Burk's Falls. Some Divisional business was attended to during the day, and a meeting conducted at night. It was very warm, the crowd was rather small, but we had a very nice time, and left the officers and soldiers cheered and inspired.

The midnight train again, and we land in Bracebridge at 3:30 a.m. A few hours' rest and away to Rosseau on the annual excursion of the Bracebridge corps. We were reinforced by Ensigns Peacock and Hoddinott and the Orilla band, which rendered valuable assistance all day. We had a delightful trip, a splendid open-air meeting at Rosseau, and arrived home in Bracebridge at 8 p.m., tired but well satisfied with the outing.

The Divisional Staff and band once more boarded the midnight train, arriving home at 3:45 a.m., and commenced to get ready for the Divisional Anniversary, which commenced the next night, and has been reported by others.—Traveler.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak three gates of fire.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then "Is it useful?" in your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is just and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if it to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three.
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

pect a visit from our Chief Secretary, Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, also our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner. We are looking forward for a great soul-saving time. Our corps is getting on nicely under the leadership of Capt. Ashe, and Saiter, who are working for God and soul.—Annie Wood, Corps-Cadet.

PORT HOPE. Things are moving in the right direction in this place. God is helping us to reach the hearts of the people. Ensign and Mrs. White spent the week-end with us. Although the Ensign was not feeling very well, God made him a great blessing to our corps. Two souls sought and found Christ, and we believe much good was done through the open-air. God bless Ensign and Mrs. White.—D. P. Smith.

RESERVE. We have recently had a Sooie and Ice Cream visit from Adj't. and Mrs. Carter, assisted by the Glace Bay band. A large number gathered around the open-air and listened to the music and singing. The meeting inside was very well attended and all present thoroughly enjoyed the program. The solo, "We're not," by bandsman Cameron, took well, also the cornet solo by his son was well received. Mrs. Carter sang very sweetly. The Army is Marching Along." "Happy Jim" Miller was present and sang a solo. We are always glad to see him. The Adj't. read from God's Word, and his earnest speaking touched every heart. At the close ice cream was served. The income for the evening amounted to \$21. God bless Adj't. and Mrs. Carter and the band.—M. A. McElroy, Captain.

SOO, ONT. In some time since you heard from One Soul, the dear old Soo, but by the grace of God we are still rolling the old chariot along. S.-D. is a thing of the past. We came off with flying colors, for which we give God all the glory. Sisters Mrs. Livingstone and Ireland were the champion collectors. They were tires, each collecting \$47. Sister Mrs. Mundell, who is away from us at present, but not forgotten, came next with \$35. Sunday was a day of great blessing. Full band out all day, and one soul at night. Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie are under the weather these days, but we trust nothing serious will happen. You will hear from us again soon.—Olive Bud.

ST. JOHN'S I. The Lord is continually pouring out His Spirit upon us. Not only on the Sabbath, but during the week, in the meetings conducted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris and Ensign Bristow, souls are being won to God. Sunday, May 27th, was a dismal, wet day, but the meetings were excellent. Kneecrutch! L. H. Eccles' meeting attended by large crowd and service very impressive, with two seeking the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon the Chancellor dedicated two infants—children of Bandmaster Avery and Serjt.-Major Barter respectively. Night meeting of march of soldiers. Band did excellently. Citadel attended. Capt. and Mrs. Lait, from U. S. A., assisted one soul. All glory to God.—Special Correspondent.

ST. JOHN'S II. God's Spirit is still working. A Convert's Testimony. Ing out into the fountain. A recent testimony given by a convert is worth repeating. Being asked how he could prove he was saved, he replied, "In a word, by while going through the form of prayer, my mind was many miles away; now I have to seek soul communion with my God; I was a slave to drink and gambling, but now I have no trouble to walk in any saloon, and I hate the sins I once loved. His blood does cleanse, and His power keeps." At the close of the meeting two souls yielded to God. S.-D. is a victory—more than doubled target.—C. L. J.

ST. JOHN'S III. God is still giving us the victory. Twenty souls and souls are being saved. The corps is all alive, and we have some wonderful red-hot meetings. Last week we had twenty souls.—C. C. Henry Martin.

ST. JOHN'S V. On Sunday, May 27th, Mrs. Major Five-Souls, Phillips stormed the forts of darkness at St. John V, and succeeded in routing the enemy and capturing one prisoner. On the following Sunday Adj't. Payne and Beckstead, assisted by Ensigns Mulley, Wood, and Freeman, Capt. Speck, and Lieut. Ellwood, came down to look after the Lord's hosts at this corps. It was a fare-well meeting to Adj't. Payne and Beckstead, and a welcome meeting to Ensigns Mulley and Freeman. God's power was mightily felt, and although it was a stormy day the crowds turned out well. After the Rescue Staff had each spoken a few words, Ensign Freeman read from God's Word. Many were in tears. Two young girls left the meeting till they could calm their feelings. After a well-fought prayer meeting five surrendered, the last brother volunteering. We had a grand finish. Our comrades who are leaving us have had some grand times at No. V., and we wish them God-speed, and we extend a hearty invitation to our new comrades for a return meeting. Ensign Green has been here almost a year now, but it is expected that he and Lieut. Rutherford will soon be farewelling.—"Patsy."

ST. THOMAS. Week-end meetings conducted. Songs of Childhood, ed by Adj't. and Mrs. Walker. Sunday was a good day in every sense of the word, it being the welcome to our midst of a solo cornet player and his wife—Brother and Sister Adamson, right from the Old Soll. Bro. Adamson is a crack player, and a splendid addition to our band. At night he led the testimony meeting,

singing such pieces as "Jesus loves me." This was sung with much feeling, as our brother did his utmost to bring his audience down to childhood days again, when they were guided by the loving hand of God. We are looking forward to greater things this end of the country.—John Strain, War Correspondent.

WESTVILLE. Since Captain and Mrs.

Visit of an Old Friend. Smith have taken charge some changes have been made for the betterment of the corps. He has bought new chairs for the hall, and has also put in a lamp outside the hall door, which is very serviceable to us. He also reports a triumphant S.-D. We have had a number of special lately. Ensign Campbell gave us a magic lantern service, which was much enjoyed by all. We had with us on Sunday a much-loved comrade, in the person of the Rev. John Kingman, from the U. S. A. He was converted in this corps in the early days of the Army in this town, and for years worked as a good soldier. He addressed the meeting at 3 p.m. The hall was well filled with many old-timers to see and hear Mr. Kingman once again. We enjoyed his deep spiritual talk. At night Capt. W. Hamilton from Newcastle, N.B., addressed the service. One young man came forward and gave his heart to God. On Monday night a united meeting of the District was held here. Adj't. Cooper conducted the service, assisted by Capt. Richard, Lieutenant from New Glasgow, and Lieut. Smith, from Stellarton. Two souls forward. We are also pleased to have with us Capt. Nellie McCullich, from London, Eng. This being her home, she stopped over for a week or two on her way to New York. She is announced to conduct the meeting on Sunday night. I heard Capt. Smith saying something of a new barracks. More anon.

WINDSOR. Since the readers of the

A Splendid Beginning. War Cry have heard from us many important things have happened. There has been a wedding, and a farewell and a welcome. Adj't. and Mrs. Sims, who have worked faithfully for some considerable time, have gone from our midst, and we have greeted Staff-Capt. Goodwin and Capt. Crossman as our new leaders. They are the first girls stationed here in a number of years, and everything looks as if we are in for a good time during their stay. Sunday's meetings were of exceptional interest. The afternoon meeting took the form of a "Union Meeting," when men and women of all denominations took part. Many of our Methodist friends gathered into our cellars for Conference took hold, and altogether we had a most blessed time all round. Sunday night's meeting was such as cannot easily be forgotten. God's Spirit was there, and the people crowded into the hall were convinced of God's great power. The open-air was excellent, and the bandsmen deserve great credit for the way they worked. God bless and prosper our bands. Seven souls came to God during the day. Two of these were juniors. This is a splendid beginning and our faith increases and we expect victory all along.—C.

WINNIPEG I. We are having good times in A Dane Saved, this corps. Our week-end meetings were times of much blessing. On

Saturday night we had two souls seeking salvation; one was a Dane, but although he could not speak English, we have soldiers who can speak nearly every language, and, best of all, God understands it. Adj't. McRae was with us all day Sunday, and Mrs. Brigadier Burdett at night. We had seven souls for the day. At the hallelujah wind-up we had a Hindoo duet, an Indian solo, and a Welsh duet.—M. Amos Irvine.



MRS. CARTER, OF NEW ABERDEEN.

Death has visited us and taken away our Band of Death Sergeant-Major, Mrs. Edmund Carter. Our dear comrade took sick on Thursday night, May 3rd. Friday morning we moved her to the hospital to undergo an operation, with the aid of four of our best doctors, but death came on Saturday night at ten o'clock. The writer was called to her bedside, and finding her sinking fast I asked her if all was well with her soul. She said, "Yes." She died a happy death—was the general opinion of the nurses of the hospital. Mrs. Carter was an officer in Newfoundland for years, better known as Capt. Barbour Lock. After faithful service to the Army and its leaders, she resigned and got married to Capt. Ed. Carter, of Westville corps. For the last six years she worked hard as a soldier. Four years she spent at New Aberdeen corps, working side by side with her husband. Her face will be missed among the children, for the J. S. work was upon her heart. On Sunday, at 4:30, we gave her a real Army funeral. All the Sunday School children, in charge of the J. S. M., walked with white sashes. Adj't. Carter, with the Glace Bay soldiers and band united with us for the funeral, which was the largest seen in this place. As I passed by many a heart was touched. The memorial service, on the following Sunday night, was a touching one. The hall was packed, crowds standing inside and out. Our comrade is missed a lot, as she was ever ready to do anything to help in

the work of God. Before she died she told me she had some money collected for Self-Denial. May God bless and comfort her dear husband in his hour of trial, and help us to meet her in the morning.—Capt. M. Jaynes.

P.S.—American War Cry please copy.

LIEUT. JENNIE GRATTO GONE TO HEAVEN.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. We

cannot help but believe our dear comrade did the whole will of God. Although only a few years in His service, she was faithful to the end. Lieut. Gratto was saved under Captain N. Smith, who was stationed at Truro, four years ago. She was sent from home (Earlston) to the Normal School. She went to the Army meetings, where God spoke to her heart, and she sought and found salvation. Some time after the call came to leave all and follow God as an officer in the Army. With the call came the struggle, and for some time she fought against it. Mr. Gratto, her father, heard of her going to the T. H. and went to Truro to bring her home. When asked if she would come, she said, "I cannot; I have vowed to God, and I must go." In going through one of her scribbling books I found the following covenant: "This is to certify that this third day of January, 1903, I do solemnly promise that I will put forth every effort that lies in my power to be ready for the September session of the S. A. Training Home of 1903, and that, to the best of my knowledge, I believe with all my heart if nothing happens I shall be ready at the said time. So help me God.—Jennie Gratto." She paid her vow unto God, for she entered the Training Home in September, 1903, and after five months' training she was promoted Pro-Lieutenant and sent to Westville, then to Summerside, then to Canning. While there she was taken very sick with fever; but after a while she got better, then was sent to New Glasgow. From there she went to the hospital at Irvillie, where she spent some months. She improved a little and went home. I had the privilege of visiting her during her illness, and found her well in soul and not afraid to meet God when He saw fit to take her. She had many friends in Earlston, the little village in which she was brought up, and although she only had the privilege of attending a few meetings after she went home, many were blessed by her Godly life. Her dear father did all that could be done to bring her around, but all to no avail, for on Wednesday, April 25th, the call came, and she went to her reward. Just before she died she said, "Tell them all is well; I am not afraid to die." I received word to come and conduct the funeral service, which it was my painful duty to do. On Friday, at 1:30 a good crowd gathered and a short service was held at the house. From there we proceeded to the little cemetery, a distance of three miles, where we laid the remains away until the great day when the graves shall yield up their dead. One dear man who visited the Lieutenant during her sickness got blessed by her godly conversation, and said he felt sure the dear Lord permitted her to come home to die so that she might be a blessing to the people of Earlston. Although she is gone, her life still speaks in that little place. We ask the prayers of our comrades for dear Mr. and Mrs. Gratto, who are feeling the loss very much. God bless and comfort them, in the sincere prayer of our hearts.—George Cooper, Adj't.

Lieut. Gratto.

IN MEMORY. Of Lieutenant Jennie Gratto. One more comrade from the fight has gone. Her battles are fought and her victories won. Her soul is at rest in the Gloryland, And her songs mingle now with the angel band. Poor perishing souls she sought to bring To the feet of Jesus, her Saviour and King; She has lain the crois' and the sword aside, But the crown she is wearing beyond the tide. The old, old story she loved to tell, 'Neath the Army colors she fought so well, But her labors are ended, her work is over, And her soul is at peace on the Golden Shore. But her place is vacant, oh! who will go To fill the place in the ranks below? More warriors are wanted, the field is large, And the Master is calling. Will you fill the charge?

Oh, take up the torch and wave it wide, Your King will ever stand by your side; He will help you to conquer and victory win, And rescue sinners from the haunts of sin. May God help those who are left behind To strive each day more souls to find; Be faithful and true, ever follow the Guide; And meet our comrades on the other side.

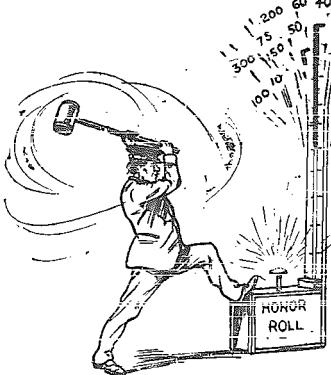
—Capt. G. E. McMasters, Reserve.



THIS WEEK'S CHAMPIONS.

Lieut. Thistle	400
P. S. M. Mulcahy	323
P. S. M. Ward	225

De sparks am a-flyin' up'ards, darlin' hearts, an' yer ole Aunt welcomes de risin' numbers. Fifty-seven ch'be had jinei de hundred comin', an' it's more space ye'll be givin' afore long, fu' fer record yer exploits. All de Provinces are in de race dis week, an' I declare it's gittin' warm like!



Hit 'im agin, he's a-risin'!

Dun put me considerin' cap on dis week, an' I wot a-thinkin' how interesting 'twould be ter hear some ob yer tell yer s'rence ob hoomin'. Am willin' fu' fer introduc'ee specieus corner on dis 'ere page, wat wot be op' post, can't sen' 1 benefit on wat yer so marchin' long, an' du be sat selfish like as fer ter Sen' em along quick, an' it's se ye more an' more.

East'rn Province.

Boomers.

Lieut. Thistle, Sydn. 400
Mrs. Capt. Hargroves Halifax II. 210
Lieut. McFerrey, Mon. N.B. 180
Capt. Holden, Charl. Town 175
N. McVicar, Glace Bay 175
Sergt. Major, Cabin, Halifax, N.S. 135
C.C. Bolborn, North Sydney 135
Lieut. Andrews, Dominion 125
Mrs. Marshall, Halifax I. 115
Capt. Galway, St. Stephen 110
Capt. Dulzel, Truro 110
T. Smith, St. George's Ber. 100
Sergt. Irons, Windsor 100
Lieut. Turner, Glace Bay 100
Lieut. McLan, St. John III. 100
Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth 100
Lieut. Greenslade, Yarmouth 100
Capt. Hargroves, Halifax II. 100
Mrs. Urquhart, Campbellton 100
Capt. Emery, Springfield 100
Capt. Tatem, St. John I. 100
Ensign Miller, Woodstock 100
Lieut. Gilkinson, New Glasgow 100
C.C. Murray, Westville 100

Lieut. Taylor, Carleton, 85; Capt. James, New Aberdeen, 85; Capt. Falle, Fredericton, 85; Capt. Brace, St. John II., 85; Capt. Glen, New Glasgow, 85; Ensign Piercy, St. John I. 85; Capt. Dakin, Clark's Harbor, 60; Capt. Backus, Bridgewater, 60; Lieut. Gray, Canning, 60; Alice Waits, St. John's I. 60; Ensign Greenland, Chatham, N.R. 55; Capt. Cavender, Sydney, 55; Sergt. Buckman, Hamilton, Ber. 55; Gertie Melkle, Londonderry, 55.

50 Copies.—Capt. Richards, Stellarton, N.S.; Ensign Joe Green, St. John V.; Lieut. Smith, Stellarton; Lieut. Chedore, Sackville; Lieut. Berry, Amherst; Capt. Jones, Hillsboro; Sergt. Bond, New Aberdeen; Sister M. Beck, Capt. Robinson, Kentville; Captain McMasters, Capt. McElke, Reserve; Capt. Hebb, Summerside; Sergt. Lyons, Sister Donovan, Fredericton; Bertha Large, Charlottetown; Capt. Crowley, Inverness; Capt. Willard, Londonderry; Sergt. M. McLean, Sydney; Mrs. Ensign Cornish, Springfield; Lieut. Clark, Port Head; Lieut. Stars, Bridgetown; Capt. Fraser, Lieut. Wilkes, Lunenburg; Mrs. W. Wagner,

Liverpool; Sister McKean, Ensign Clark, Halifax I.; Lieut. Winchester, Capt. Bigelow, Sussex; Captain Urquhart, Campbellton; Sergt. Smith, Halifax II.; Ensign Crossman, Moncton; Capt. Jaynes, Sackville; Ensign Downey, May Gamble, St. John I.; Capt. Wynde, Digby; Capt. Forsey, Sydney Mines; Captain Newell, Parrsboro; Sergt. Ladd, Inverness; Sergt. Allan, St. John III.; Capt. Conrad, Annapolis; Capt. Donovan, St. George's; Lieut. Rutherford, St. John V.; Sergt. Virgil, Southampton; Capt. Woodhouse, Freeport; Mrs. Crumm, Primer, St. John I.; Ensign Prince, Digby; Fred White, Fairville; Capt. Legge, North Head; Ensign Lorimer, Fredericton; Capt. Snow, Woodstock.

West Ontario Province.

52 Boomers.

P. S. M. Mrs. Ward, London 225
Capt. E. Pattenden, Guelph 200
Lieut. A. Thompson, Stratford 180
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford 180
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock 125
Lieut. Whites, Hespeler 117
Mrs. Adj't. Hyde, Chatham 100
Eva Fuller, Chatham 100
Lieut. Waldroff, Tilsonburg 100
Mrs. Adj't. Walker, St. Thomas 100
Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia 95; Mrs. Capt. Merritt, Leamington, 92; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 90; Capt. Askin, Goderich 85; Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich, 80; Capt. Thompson, Galt, 80; Capt. Gibbink, Galt, 80; Staff-Capt. Doxford, London, 80; Lieut. Pearson, Norwich, 80; Capt. McLeod, Lissioway, 80; Ensign LeCoq, Petrolia, 80; Lieut. Wakefield, Dresden, 75; Capt. Chinnsmith, Forest, 75; Capt. Duncan, Blyth, 70; Lieut. Dohney, Paris, 70; Sergt. Wimble, Brantford, 70; Sergt. Adams, Simcoe, 70; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Seaford, 64; Capt. Carter, Palmerston, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex.

50 Copies.—Sergt. Hodgson, Annie Norbury, Hettie Fenn, London; Mrs. Bryson, Mrs. Blackwell, Fenton; C.C. Neutis Laird, Essex; Capt. Matier, Clinton; Capt. Pickell, Bothwell; Mrs. Ensign Punn, Mrs. Lewis, Ingersoll; Sister L. Taylor, Winona; Sister Vaut, C.C. Herten, Ridgeway; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Mrs. Jones, Kingsville; Mrs. Thompson, Ensign Jurtis, Woodstock; Mrs. Brahow, Mrs. Furthow, Wallaceburg.

East Ontario Province.

49 Boomers.

P. S. M. Mulcahy, Montreal I. (2 wks) 645
Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I. (2 wks) 360
Mrs. Adj't. Crichton, Ottawa I. 180
Mrs. King, Nanape (2 wks) 150
S. M. Stevenson, Peterboro 150
Ensign Crego, Brockville 135
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I. (2 wks) 120
Mrs. Gilbert, Smith's Falls 110
S. M. Dudley, Ottawa I. 100
Capt. Oldford, Quebec 100
Capt. Burchell, Montreal I. (2 wks) 100
Sergt. Schuh, Montreal I. (2 wks) 100
Sergt. Vancouver, Montreal I. (2 wks) 100
Mary Massey, Kingston, 90; Sergt. Major Rogers, Montreal IV. 85; Capt. Liddell, Cobourg, 85; Captain Osmund, Prescott, 85; Mrs. Hutchinson, Platon, 75; Mrs. Clark, Platon, 75; Capt. MacFadden, Ottawa I. 75; C.C. Stephenson, Peterboro, 75; Sergt. Barber, Kingston, 60; Capt. Penfold, Sherbrooke, 60; Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke, 60; Lieut. Nelson, Morrisburg, 60; Ensign O'Neill, Ottawa II., 60; Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II., 60.

50 Copies.—Ensign Comstock, Peterboro; Sergt. Brown, Sergt. Kidd, Kingston; Capt. Adsit, Ottawa I.; Bro. W. Barrie, Montreal IV.; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Tweed; Ensign Compton, Iroquois; Mrs. McConnell, Nanaimo; Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls; Mrs. Adj't. Orchard, Montreal II.; Capt. Thornton, Lieut. Gower, Trenton.

Training Home Province.

36 Boomers.

Mrs. Adj't. Knight, Hamilton I. 150
Lieut. Proudflove, Owen Sound 125
Capt. Mannion, Tenise 112
Sergt. M. Moore, Riverton 100
Sergt. Maud Waite, Temple 100
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple 100
Lieut. Heron, Yorkville, 75; Lieut. Carey, Uxbridge, 75; Adj't. Habirk, Lippincott, 70; Capt. Thornton, Riverdale, 64; Capt. Virgil, Parliament St., 60; Capt. Crowther, Doovercourt, 60; Mrs. Bowers, Lissar St., 60; Capt. Sopher, Riverdale, 60; Capt. Macwood, Hamilton II., 60; Lieut. Patrck, Hamilton II., 60; Cadet Sanderson, Parliament St. 66; Capt. Stikells, Aurora, 55; Cadet Wilkins, Parliament St., 53.

50 Copies.—Cadet Cosman, Yorkville; Cadet Grier, ly Curlew, Parliament St.; Cadet Sergt. Gambie, Temple; Cadet Sergt. Forbes, East Toronto; Lieut. Cornelius, Hamilton III.; Sergt. Liddle Bradley, Sergt. Mrs. Rice, Sergt. Geo. Barrett, P. S. M. Rice, Temple; E. Pointon, Lissar St.; Capt. Meader, Lieut. Thompson, Parliament St.; Adj't. Knight, Mrs. Burrows, Annie Gibbs, Hamilton I.; Capt. Varnell, Dundas; Lieut. Andrew, Brampton.

New Ontario Division.

17 Boomers.

Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia 150
P. S. M. Jones, Huntsville 120
Capt. Chislett, Sturgeon Falls, 80; Capt. Beattie, Saugeen Falls, 70; Lieut. Hayhoe, Soot Mich., 66; Adj't. Mercer, North Bay, 65; Ensign McCann, New Liskeard, 55; Capt. Dauberville, New Liskeard, 57, P. S. M. Miles, Barrie; Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls; Capt. Meeks, C.C. Grey, Meaford; Mrs. Hisbire, Barrie; Mrs. Adj't. Mercer, Lily Stewart, North Bay.

Newfoundland Province.

13 Boomers.

Sergt. S. Flynn, St. John's 1... 212
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I. 70; Cadet Hussey, St. John's II. 70; Cadet Stuckland, St. John's I. 66; Cadet Ball, St. John's II. 80; S. M. Whittier, St. John's I. 34; Sister, House, St. John's I. 34; Bandman C. W. Horwood, St. John's II. 30; C. C. Estella Glover, St. John's II., 30; Capt. Jones, St. John's II. 30; Bertha Inkpen, Burin, 30; Cadet Matthews, St. John's II., 25; Cadet Tucker, St. John's II. 25.

Pacific Province.

13 Boomers.

M. Wright, Victoria 205
Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 85; Cadet Nelson, Vancouver, 85; Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Nelson, 80; Sergt. Jensen, Nelson, 80; Lieut. Dawe, Nanaimo, 65; Capt. Sainsbury, New Westminster, 60; Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, Victoria, 80; Mrs. Saunders, New Westminster, 50; Sergt. Mondy, Vancouver, 42; H. Bassingthwaite, Fernie, 38; R. Traviss, Fernie, 37; M. Campbell, Fernie, 25.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER GARNER, OF BRANTFORD.

For some months our comrade, Walter Garner, has been partly laid aside by illness (diphtheria). At last the end has come. Mrs. Garner, who is a Salvationist, came to her husband a few months ago from the Old Country to take care of him. She patiently waited upon him with little hopes of his recovery, until just this last few weeks. He came out of the hospital and seemed to be doing very well, just when her hopes were brightening up the end came and he passed away. We gave him a real Salvation Army funeral, the largest funeral for many years in Brantford, about one hundred in the procession. Our casket was over-shouldered. We marched over a mile to the cemetery. About four hundred at the graveside. The brass band was out in full force and gave grand service. "Promoted to Glory" and "Dead Martin in Saul," were the particular pieces played. The public and friends have been practical in their sympathy to Mrs. Garner, the widow of the departed. May God bless the bereaved ones. H. C. K.

BROTHER DYKER, OF MIDLAND.

Death has broken the ranks of the Midland corps. On Friday morning Brother Will Dyker was suddenly called to lay down the corruptible body and join the ranks of the redeemed across the river. He, with another comrade, was working in the top story of the new elevator, when he stepped backward into an opening in the floor, falling ninety feet to his death. We buried him under the colors. Ensign Hoddinott of Orillia came over to conduct the service. On Sunday we met at the house, and after a song and prayer fell in and marched to the bier. The building was gorged, and hundreds turned away. We sang, "My Jesus I love Thee," while tears flowed from nearly every eye. Our late comrade's chair, draped in white, was a touching reminder of his absence. After the song two of the soldiers spoke. "Dead Martin in Saul," were the particular pieces played. The public and friends have been practical in their sympathy to Mrs. Garner, the widow of the departed. Then Ensign McNamee and Lieut. Mathewson sang "The Homecoming," which touched a chord in many hearts. Then we fell in to march to the cemetery. The Woodmen of the World, to which order Brother Dyker belonged, were to the front. Officers and soldiers followed the hearse, and the mourners marched behind. Crowds of people lined the route, and there was a great number at the cemetery. After the service was over, the Woodmen went through a solemn ceremony, after which the body was lowered into the grave. At night we held a memorial service. It was a touching time. Strong men went while they spoke of blessing, help, and encouragement received from Brother Dyker during his life. Mrs. Dyker, with noble courage, was present and told the people present that though her head seemed ready to break with grief, she can realize that the Everlasting Arms were her stay, and she had comfort even in her affliction. In the prayer meeting Will Dyker, son of the deceased, was the first to kneel at the mercy seat, followed by four others. Mrs. Dyker herself led one of these out, a sight to make heaven rejoice—a heart-broken widow putting aside her own sorrow to point sinners to the Physician. Our mourning changed to rejoicing as we felt as if the spirit of our departed comrade was present regarding with us. We shall meet in the morning—A. J. Craig, Midland, Ont.

ONLY ONE KIND

AND THAT IS

"OUR OWN MAKE."

To Parents, Relatives and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; before, and, as far as possible, after, women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Comyn, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Request on the envelope." A small fee is charged for this service. If a sketch or a description of a person is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to remember this service when in Canada. The Canadian Society for Missing Persons is the only organization of its kind in the world.

First Insertion.

5011. BAXTER, WILLIAM. Age 44, height 5 ft., fair hair, light blue eyes, coal miner. Missing about four years. Last known address, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. Sister enquires.

5558. BURNET, MARIA E. Left England several years ago. Came to Canada with Miss Rye. Went to the Home at Niagara. Last known address, Toronto. Was then working for Nottman & Fraser, Picture Galery.

5434. FRIAR, MORGAN L. Came from the States to Canada some four or five years ago. Brother very anxious; has important news.

5426. GASKILLE, SARAH A. Last known address, Fall River, Mass., U.S.A. Age between 60 and 70 years, medium height, dark complexion, may be grey now. News wanted.

5427. HABERD, ARNOLD LEWIS. Age 21, most likely tall, fair hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion. Came to Canada five years ago. Missing since March. He took a homestead in December last, in Saskatchewan.

Second Insertion.

5416. BATCHELOR, W. A. and C. W. These two boys were sent out to Canada about four years ago. Their ages are W. A. 15 years, C. W. 16 years. May be on farms.

5411. HYEMBORE, S. NELSON. Age 29, Norwegian, light complexion, height 5 ft. 10 in. Last known address, Nelson, B.C.

5412. FORBES, FREDERICK SMART. Age 66, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark red hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, peculiar mark on forehead. Last heard of at St. Joseph's Island, Lake Superior.

5423. DANAHY, V. R. Last known address, Golden, B.C. If he will communicate with the above, address he will hear of something in his advantage. Mother is dead.

5424. SAMFSIGN, or SPARLING, HARRY. Age 21, height 5 ft. 7 in., brown hair, dark eyes, fresh complexion, has a scar on nose. News wanted.

5425. SEMPLE, GEORGE. Age 36, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark complexion, artist. Last known address, San Francisco, before the earthquake. Mother deceased.

5426. DOCHERT, HENRY. Age 18, dark complexion. Last heard from in 1899. Was then at St. Hyacinthe, Que., working on a farm. News wanted.

5427. Relatives of ANDREW MEADOWS, formerly of Pottershill, near Coventry, Eng. Is believed to be at St. Thomas.

5430. HOWE, ALFRED EDWARD. Came to Canada two years ago. Supposed to be in Toronto. News wanted, whether living or dead.

5429. WHATTIE, HAVILAND, alias Bobo Whattie, alias Watsie. Left England two years ago for Winnipeg or Br. idon. Age 34, height 5 ft. 5 in., black hair, hazel eyes, pale complexion. Friends anxious.

5432. BERRY, E. R. This girl was sent to Canada by Dr. Barnardo's Home some years ago. She will now be 21. Her mother is getting anxious.

5433. JACK, WILLIAM. Last known address, Fernie, B.C. Age 42, height 5 ft. 7 in., blue eyes, fair complexion, auburn hair. News urgently wanted.

A BARGAIN.

A second-hand Guitar, in very good condition, with case. Offered at \$10. Apply to the Editor.

NOTE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

We shall be glad to receive any practical hints from this corner from officers, soldiers, and friends. Some of you know some real good recipes, which would be a boon to new-comers to the country who don't know their way about yet. Do your comrades a good turn by sending them to the Editor of the War Cry.

T. S. F. APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. H. Hurd—Iroquois, June 13, 14; Morrisburg, June 15, 16, 17; Cornwall, June 18, 19; Sherbrooke, June 21, 22; Quebec, June 23, 24; Montreal III, June 25; Montreal I, June 27, 28, 29; Montreal II, June 30, July 1; Montreal IV, July 2, 3; Montreal V, July 4, 5.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passage to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier G. Howen, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

"Just One Girl" is the title of a song that was all the rage a few years ago. If this were paraphrased into "Just One Kind," and referring to musical instruments, we would have a chorus from our leading Bandmasters all over the world that

"Our Own Make" is THE Make for Them.

Any capable Bandmaster knows that it is impossible to get the best results in unison and harmony with various makes of instruments, and when it is demonstrated that nothing better can be obtained at anything like the price charged for "Our Own Make," there seems to be no good reason for getting any other goods than those made by our own concern. In fact, a silver-plated set of "Our Own Make" can be obtained at about the cost of other first-class makes in brass.

We supply these instruments at English list prices, reckoning \$5 to the £, which is only possible by the International Trade Department and ourselves being content with a very moderate margin. This consideration is recognized and appreciated by our Bandmasters, who regard it as ample compensation for the delays occasioned on account of the factory being deluged with orders from all parts of the world.

Several corps are making special efforts to secure a set of these, the latest and among the most notable being Brantford, who have just received three silver-plated instruments, and have placed an order to-day for thirteen more, at a cost of over

ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

Well done, Brantford. Among others are the following: London, seven instruments; St. Thomas, five; Peterboro, four; Calgary, Montreal, and the Temple, while several others are preparing orders—in one or two cases an entire outfit.

LIST OF PRICES.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET has been introduced with a view to supplying Bandmasters with a really superior instrument at a very special price. Extra attention is given to the design and construction of the instruments, which are most elegant, in style and finish, and made in three models. They will be found excellent for presentation purposes, on the lines approved by National Headquarters.

Mr. William Short, L.R.A.M. (Lieutenant of the Royal Academy of Music), and Principal Trumpet of His Majesty the King's Band, Bandmaster and Conductor London County Council, Band Contest adjudicator, etc., says of our Cornets that they are equal to any Cornets he has ever blown, and that he could not wish for better.

THE BANDMASTER'S CORNET, in B flat, with light German silver valves, short action, split double water-key, full and clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces; tuning bit, cleaning needle and grease box; triple silver-plated, tastefully engraved, frosted or burnished finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, in velvet-lined leather case, white fittings and strap. \$75.00

No. 1a—IMPROVED MODEL A CORNET, in B flat, with German silver valves, clear bore, complete with shanks, lyre, and two silver-plated mouthpieces; triple silver-plated, burnished or frosted finish, or frosted and burnished mounts, split double water-key, wood case. 50.00

Ditto, in brass. 40.00

Military Drums, from \$25.00 up. Guards' Pattern Side Drums, \$35.00. If cheaper lines are desired, we can supply them. Write for further particulars and Catalog.

We have a few sets of PHONOGRAPH RECORDS of the NEW PRIZE MARCHES in Stock. \$3.00 for Set of 8, or 50c. each. Order right away. They are splendid quality, and reproduce the music of the renowned International Staff Bands beautifully.

Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

Songs of the Week.

Note.—Our songs this week are selected from compositions by Canadian comrades—with one exception.

A HOLY AMBITION.

Tune.—From Every Stain Made Clean (B.J. 81).

1 O Lord, my soul aspires
To live alone for Thee,
That all Thy precious, holy will
May be fulfilled in me.
That every deed, dear Lord,
May correspond each day,
However insignificant,
With all my lips may say.

From vain and sinful thoughts
May I be ever free;
To mark Thy steps, obey Thy voice,
My sin in life shall be.
No more sin's gallant yoke
Shall cause my soul to groan;
Whate'er the consequence may be,
I'll follow Thee alone.

Thy presence in my soul,
Oh, how the thoughts inspire!
Oh, how it lifts my longing heart!
'Tis what my soul desires.
They touch my sorrow soothes,
Oh, smile my fear removes,
Oh, take me, seal me "only Thine,"
For Thy great love I've proved.

Mrs. J. Paul, Woodstock, Ont.

ALL FOR JESUS.

Tunes.—Blessed Assurance; Looking This Way.

2 Life's fond ambition 'tis Thee to know,
Kindly affections others to show,
Scattering sunshine over the way,
Helping the weak ones, lest they should stray.

Chorus.

Only to serve Thee faithful and true,
Only to love Thee all my life through,
Only to praise Thee shall be my song,
Only to conquer all the day long.

Take every talent that I possess,
Help me to use them others to bless;
Be Thou my teacher, be Thou my guide,
Keep me, dear Saviour, close to Thy side.

Lord, on Thy promise now do I lean,
Ever I'll trust Thee for things unseen;
Thou hast been faithful in days gone by,
Still on Thy promise now I rely.

F. Ibbotson

SOLDIER ON THE CROSS.

Tune.—O Jordan.

3 Soldier of the cross, awake!
Take the sword for Jesus' sake,
And a mighty moving make,
Hallelujah!

Dash into the fighting line,
Though sin's forces all combine,
Grace for every hour is thine,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Soldier of the cross to-day,
Ready, steady, march away!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Do and dare; oh, watch and pray!
Hallelujah!

Soldier of the cross, be strong,
Push the glorious work along,
Right shall triumph over wrong,
Hallelujah!

Men of faith in ages past
Over us their mantle cast,
Faith shall conquer, truth shall last,
Hallelujah!

Soldier of the cross, oh see
Time can never wait for thee;
Use each opportunity,

Hallelujah!
God in us, a mighty force,
They who longer suffer loss;
Forward, soldier of the cross!

Hallelujah!

Sergt.-Major Vass, Guelph.

LOVE OF GOD, SO RICH AND FREE.

Tune.—He Died Because He Loved Me So.

Unworthy I, so full of sin,
Who needed not that voice within,
That tried so oft to make me see
The love of God, so rich and free,

Chorus.

So rich and free,
So rich and free,
Oh, love of God, so rich and free.

THE GREAT DEDICATION SERVICE

at which the Cadets, now in Training,
will be

COMMISSIONED FOR THE FIELD
will take place at the Temple

Monday, July 16th, at 8 p.m.,
conducted by

THE COMMISSIONER.

The comrades invite you to join their happy number,
And gladly will they welcome you; oh, come, come away.

For you we gladly sing and pray, oh, do not from
the Saviour stray,
But come to Him to-day; oh, come, come away.

Oh, sinner, accept the Gospel invitation
That leads your steps to joy on high; oh, come, come away.

For if you give your heart to Him He'll fully pardon
all your sin,
A crown of life you'll win; oh, come, come away.

Mrs. S. Craig, Chatham, N.B.

RETURN, O WANDERER,

Tunes.—Lover of the Lord (N.B.B. 46); Manchester
(N.B.B. 21).

7 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek Thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

Chorus.

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to His cross, and grateful learn
How freely He'll forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Again thy long-sought rest;
Thy Saviour's melting merles yearn
To clasp thee to His breast.

So oft I grieved that tender heart,
So oft I begged Him to depart;
But still He would my Saviour be,
Oh, love of God, so rich and free!

I know I am unworthy still,
Though He His blood for me did spill,
I live in Christ, and He in me,
Oh, love of God, so rich and free!

Soon I in heaven shall see His face,
And tell the story, saved by grace;
My all in Him, who died for me,
Oh, love of God, so rich and free!

Composed by Wm. A. Ross, formerly Drum Sergeant, Parliament St. corps. Saved by the grace of God in Kingston Penitentiary, whilst undergoing a sentence of two years.

OH, HOW HE LOVED US!

Tune.—Beautiful River.

5 Grace is now flowing, there's life for the sinner;
Christ came and suffered on Calvary's tree;
He gave up His home to come down to redeem us;
Oh, how He loved a poor sinner like me!

Chorus.

Oh, how He loved us!
Oh, how He loved us!
Oh, how He suffered on Calvary's tree!
Oh, how He loved us!
Oh, how He loved us!
Gave up His life for a sinner like me.

Sinner, behold Him on Calvary's mountain!
See how His side is now riven for thee.
A fountain is open for sin and uncleanness,
plunge beneath it, and you shall be free.

Second Chorus.

Wonderful fountain!
Wonderful fountain!
Flowing so freely for you and for me.
Wonderful fountain!
Wonderful fountain!
Oh, plunge beneath it, and you shall be free,
J. S. Sergt. Frankin Davis, Temple Corps.

INVITATION SONG.

Tune.—When Mothers of Salem.

Oh, come, sinner, come, the Gospel news is
sounding,
And hasten to the mercy seat, oh, come, come
away;
The Holy Spirit abounds near, and angels' voices,
soft and clear,
And Jesus invit's you here; oh, come, come away.

Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings.

June 23rd to July 9th, 1906.

DETAILED PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.—8 p.m., Colonel Kyle, the Chief Secretary, will conduct the Opening service, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24.—11 a.m., 3 and 6.30 p.m., the Chief Secretary in Command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, JUNE 25.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor. 6 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.—3 p.m., Brigadier Howell.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.—3 p.m., Brigadier Southall.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.—3 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. 8 p.m., United Band Festival, Colonel Kyle, chairman, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.—3 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SUNDAY, JULY 1.—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in Command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

DOMINION DAY, MONDAY, JULY 2.—3 p.m., Covenant Service, led by THE COMMISSIONER, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

6.30 p.m., Salvation Meeting. 8.45 p.m., Limelight Demonstration; Moving Pictures. City Corps United.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.—3 p.m., Brigadier Southall.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.—3 p.m., Brigadier Howell, assisted by Salvation Bell-Ringers.

THURSDAY, JULY 5.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor. 8 p.m., Women's Demonstration, led by Mrs. Colonel Kyle, assisted by Women Staff Officers.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.—3 p.m., Colonel Kyle, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.—3 p.m., Cadets' Foreign Demonstration, led by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER in Command, assisted by T. H. Q. Staff.

MONDAY, JULY 9.—3 p.m., led by Colonel Kyle. 8 p.m., Great Wind-Up, under the direction of THE COMMISSIONER. United Corps and Bands, and T. H. Q. Staff.